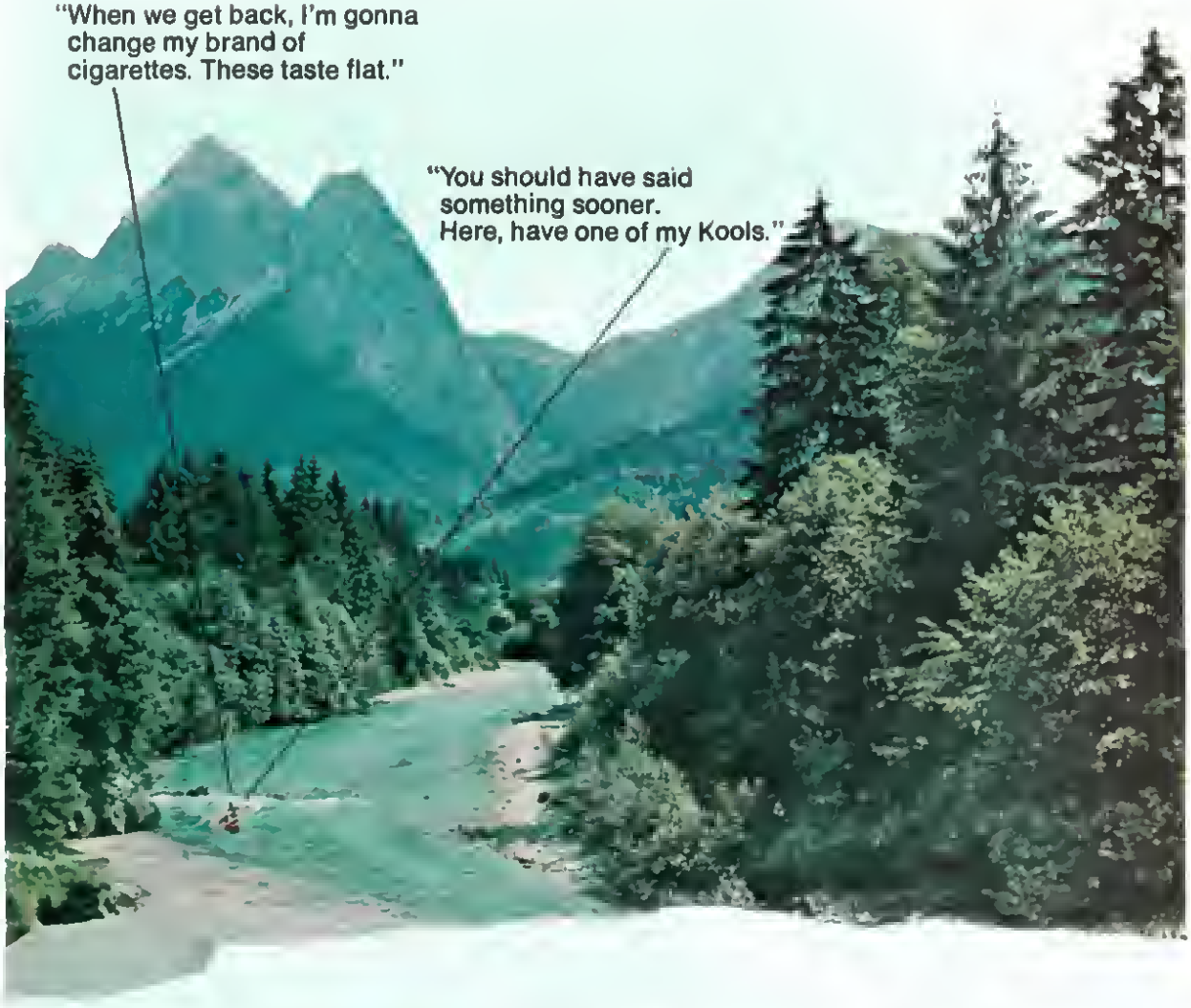
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 30, 1967 40 CENTS

TENNESSEE OVERWHELMS ALABAMA



"When we get back, I'm gonna change my brand of cigarettes. These taste flat."

"You should have said something sooner. Here, have one of my Kools."



Come up to the Kool taste. Taste extra coolness every time you smoke.





If everyone's walk weren't a little peculiar, we wouldn't have to make such good shoes.

The way you walk is very much a part of you. Part of your whole personality, in fact.

And it follows that the way you walk has a way of wearing on your shoes.

For instance, if you kind of drag your feet along, the soles of your shoes probably get shot in no time.

Unless you're dragging your feet in Portage Porto-Peds.

At Portage, we're extremely fussy about sole leather. We buy only top grade.

Then we grade that.

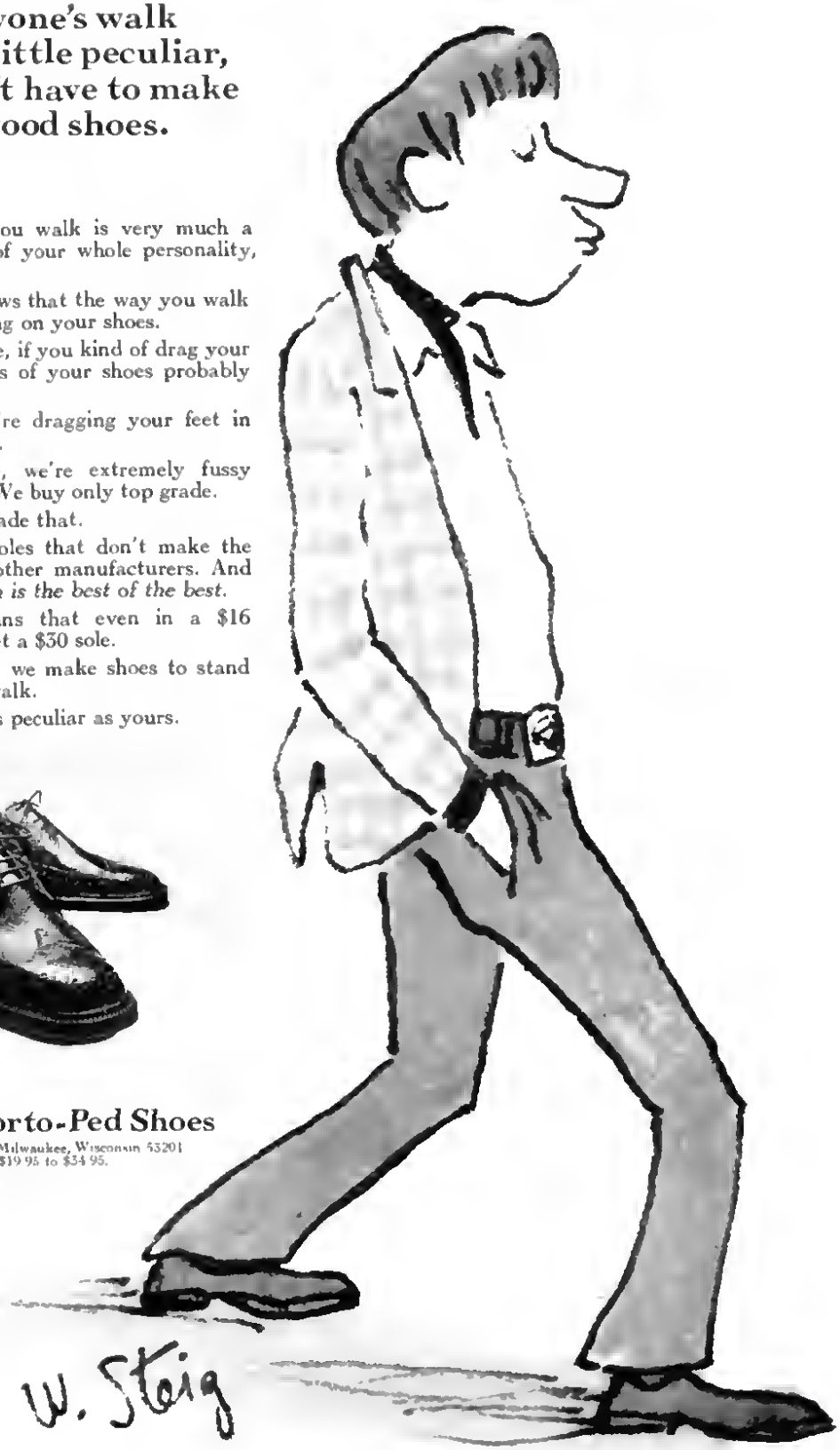
The poor soles that don't make the grade are sold to other manufacturers. And *what we're left with is the best of the best.*

Which means that even in a $16 Portage shoe you get a $30 sole.

At Portage, we make shoes to stand up to any kind of walk.

Even one as peculiar as yours.





Portage Porto-Ped Shoes

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From $19.95 to $34.95.

You don't buy a new car. The bank buys a new car.

By the time you buy your new car back from the bank, it's old.



Of course, if you had bought a Volvo two or three years ago, you'd have something today.

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Which isn't a bad thing to have. Because where three years is the beginning of the end for some cars, it's only the beginning for a Volvo.

Volvos aren't built to wear out on a three year plan. Volvos are built to last eleven years in Sweden where it's tough being a car.

And while we don't guarantee it, it looks like Volvos are going to last that long in America too. Over 95% of all the Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Now you might say to yourself, "If I kept a car that long I'd get sick and tired of driving it." You won't.

Volvo handles more like a small sports car than a roomy family sedan. And it gets nearly 25 m.p.g., even with automatic transmission.

What you might get sick and tired of is looking at it.

In that case, you can always afford to take a trip away from it. Using the money you've saved by not making car payments.

When you get back, it'll start looking good again.

VOLVO



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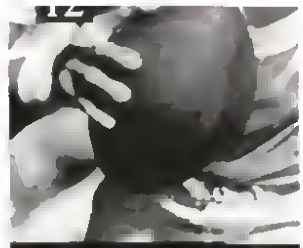
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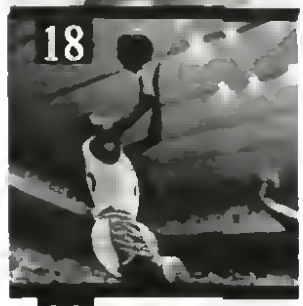
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Next week

THE HOCKEY EXPANSION into six U.S. cities is examined by Pete Axthelm, who looks at prospects and problems as Montreal Coach Toe Blake tells how to enjoy the game.

THE LEAST WANTED quarterback in pro football was Dan Reeves of Dallas—at one time. Now things have changed. Tex Maule scouts the hard-charging halfback who just made it.

ONE MUST GO when young Jerry Quarry and aging Floyd Patterson, who drew their last time out, meet again in L.A. Mark Kram reports on the heavyweight elimination bout.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Emmett Watson, whose article on the grizzly bears of Glacier National Park begins on page 62 of this issue, is a soft-spoken individual with a manner at once reflective and attentive who suggests an absent-minded college professor more than a daily newspaper columnist. He was in his office on the second floor of the *Post–Intelligencer* building in Seattle one day last summer when word came that two college girls had been killed by grizzlies in the park. After a decade as the Northwest's most widely read columnist, Watson has learned how many-sided and complex the wilderness world of mountains and rivers really is, and how far removed it is from the ordinary coverage often accomplished by telephones and publicity handouts. "It wasn't too difficult to handle the story when I got to Glacier," he said. "The big problem was just getting there."



OUR MAN WATSON

Watson got his land- and sea-pilot licenses last year, but the only plane available was a special short takeoff and landing Wren equipped with spoilers on the wings for use on small fields. Watson was checked out in a 20-minute flight with a veteran fire bomber, one of those pilots who fly over forest fires and douse them with chemicals. Then he took off for Kalispell, Mont., some 3½ hours away across two mountain ranges. Arriving safely, he tried to rent a car in Kalispell only to discover to his astonishment that his Washington driver's license had long since expired. A friendly Ford dealer eventually managed to get him a temporary Montana permit, and he drove into the mountains to begin the hours of patient questioning that went into his meticulous reconstruction of the events that led up to a night of terror in one of the wildest and most beautiful of our national parks.

Watson's literary qualifications are impressive. He had been signed as a catcher with the Seattle Rainiers in the Pacific Coast League when he switched professions and went to the Seattle *Star* as a sportswriter. His detachment and his high standards of craftsmanship immediately impressed his newspaper colleagues—"a deadly serious workman," one of them wrote of him. "I always had a peripheral interest in writing," says Watson. When he moved to the *Times*, he added a daily column —*Quick, Watson, the Needle*—to his sportswriting chores. His ability to turn from one subject to another with professional mastery became a recognized trademark.

Watson's interest in sports has continued to be personal as well as professional. In addition to flying, he is an enthusiastic skier and fisherman. His first major story in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was published 10 years ago this fall. It was a study of the late Fred Hutchinson, then the embattled manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, a detached, balanced portrait. All that Watson omitted from the story was his own relationship to the manager. When Hutchinson was the pitching star of the championship teams of Seattle's Franklin High—one game was lost in two years and nine starting players were eventually signed to pro contracts—Watson was his catcher.

Gary Hall

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And we did.

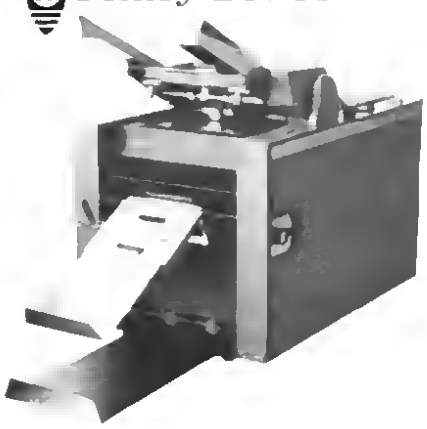
And now, besides having one of the best electrostatic copiers on the market, we have the first one that can feed itself. All you have to do is stack the pages (up to 100) in the feeder, press the button and walk away. The feeder feeds the copier and the copier copies. No one has to stand around to watch. When all the pages are fed, the feeder stops feeding and the copier stops copying.

All copies come out in consecutive order, separated from the originals, so each set is already collated. If you need five sets or thirty, just keep putting the whole set of originals back in the feeder and picking up the collated ones as they come out.

The Pitney-Bowes 250 is a compact unit that sits on a desk, plugs in anywhere, makes clean, crisp, electrostatic copies, copies from all colors, cuts copies to the size of the original, starts with no warmup and is truly a piece of machinery that we're very proud of. One of the nicest things is that you can buy the 250 now and add the automatic feed attachment whenever you're ready for it.

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Pitney-Bowes





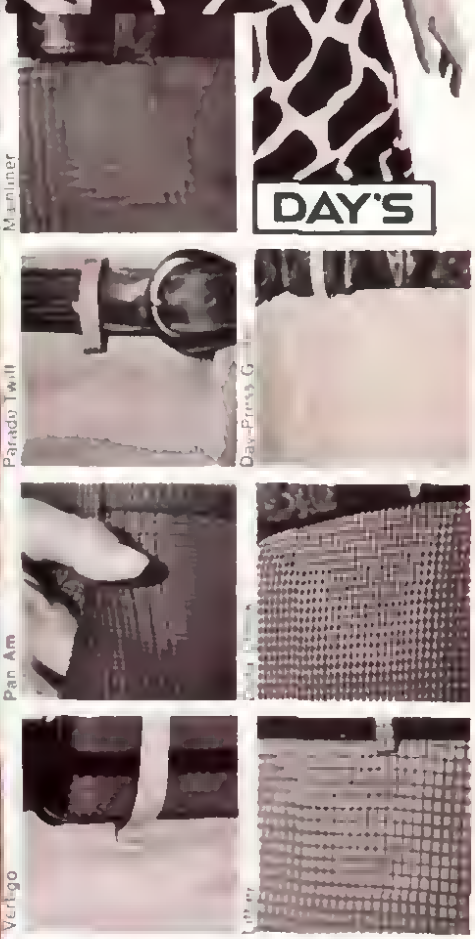
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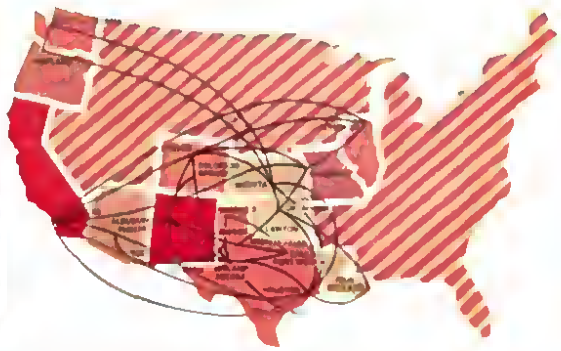
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M R4

SHOPWALK

Mrs. Meyer will make you a deerskin jacket—if you take care of the skin

Whomp! A hunter drops a deer with a clean shot out in the woods, about three miles from nowhere. Then what? It is a moment of triumph, but until he has gone through the traditional round of handshakes and had a few snorts from a hip flask the hunter rarely realizes that his work has just begun. He still has to get the carcass back to civilization.

And that is the rub about hunting deer. They are too smart to be shot from the back porch, and there are also laws about that. Yet killing a deer in the boondocks is just a starter.

Butchering the animal and getting the venison into the freezer is a long and complex process. But merely getting the deer out of the woods in good shape presents a difficult problem: a hunter has a choice of straining his back or of ruining the deer's skin.

According to Mrs. Edna Meyer, an attractive, strong-looking woman who runs The Meyer House in Newfoundland, N.J., most inexperienced hunters forget all about the skin as soon as they have had the heady experience of killing the deer. More often than not, they simply drag their trophy out of the wilderness over rough terrain, ruining the skin en route.

Mrs. Meyer, who does not hunt herself but who has been in the deer business for about 20 years, has some very strict advice to hunters about preserving the hide. Like the tango, it takes two people. Once help is found, tie the deer's front legs together, then the back legs, and then cut a strong pole. Carry the deer without letting it touch the ground. If hunters will do that, she says, she can do something with the skin.

After a rough cleaning in the woods, the first stop should be the butcher's, where the animal is skinned and cleaned. The skin should then be taken to a deer shop like Mrs. Meyer's, where it will be salted and packed in cold storage until there are enough hides to send to an upstate New York tannery.

It costs $5.50 to have a hide tanned so that it looks and feels like what most people know as deerskin. After tanning, the skin is soft, washable, waterproof, odorless and has the quality of "breathing." Thus a deerskin jacket is less heavy and hot than an ordinary leather jacket.

Mrs. Meyer runs a sort of deerskin bank. If you shoot a deer one year, you can have its hide marked, and she will save it for you until you have enough skins to make what you want.

Generally it will take about four skins to have enough material for a jacket, four for a shirt, one for a woman's handbag, and one skin for a pair of moccasins and gloves. The $5.50 cost for tanning is standard, so that a full jacket will cost $22, plus about $25 for tailoring. Buying a jacket outright would cost between $65 and $80.

Mrs. Meyer also can produce a number of exotic items for lady hunters, including full-length coats in a number of colors, knee-high boots and an assortment of ski equipment, including bright, warm gloves and soft slippers.

If you run across anything else in the woods—such as a bear or a bobcat—Mrs. Meyer also will handle it for you. She has a huge freezer in the basement stuffed with cleaned skins, including those of skunks, which have no odor.

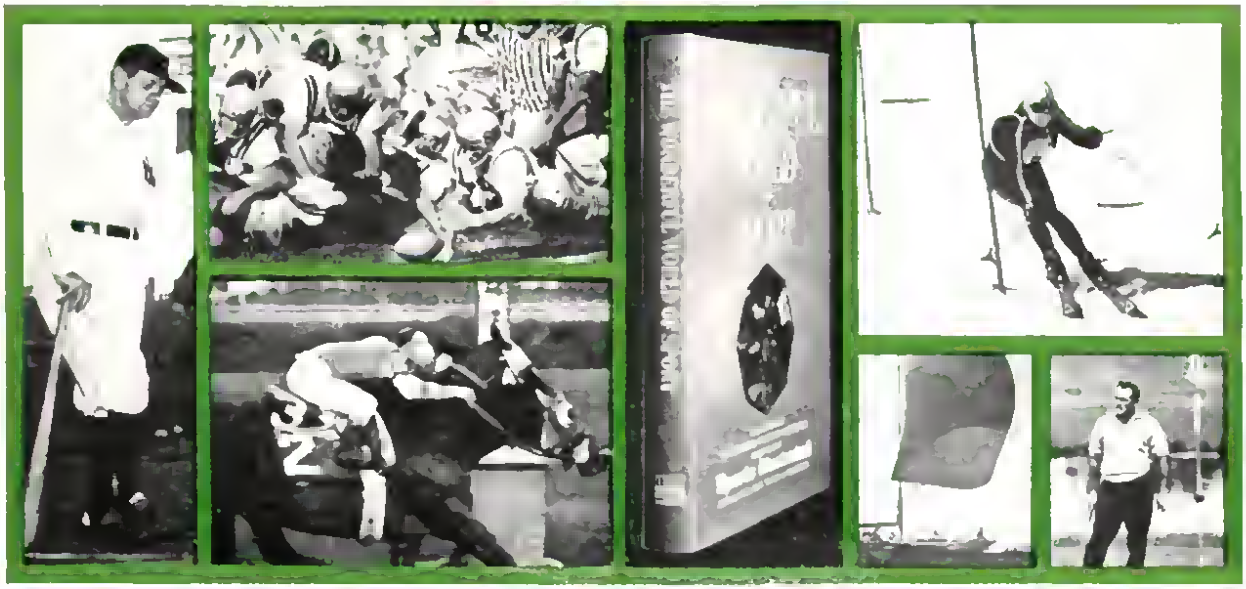
The styles contained in Mrs. Meyer's catalog, available by writing House of Deerskin, The Meyer House, Route 23, Newfoundland, N.J., are not exactly haute couture. But then again, neither is a deerskin.

—JOHN F. MURPHY



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WM2

SCORECARD

PRO AND CON

The American League announced last week that it would expand to 12 teams by 1971. The argument for expansion is that people all over the country deserve to see major league sport. Large cities that have no big-league baseball at present—Dallas and Seattle, for instance—have a right to it.

Twenty years ago considerable baseball interest was centered on minor league teams, but now it is strictly on the big leagues. The minors, for the most part, are nothing more than training camps for the majors, and their success or failure is immaterial to hometown baseball fans.

In 1961 the American League added two teams, the Angels and the Senators. Those clubs now compete on equal terms. California was a factor in this year's pennant race until the last five weeks of the season, finally ending up fifth in the standings. Washington finished tied for sixth.

Unfortunately the same cannot be said for the National League, which is also contemplating setting up two new franchises. After six years the Houston Astros and New York Mets are still not equal to the competition. Two more teams would only increase the imbalance and further dilute the quality of play in the league. New York and Houston illustrate the undesirable aspects of expansion. Unless care is taken in stocking new clubs to make them competitive, expansion hurts rather than helps baseball.

SLIM PICKINGS

One of Britain's outstanding cricketers, Colin Milburn, is spending two weeks at a beauty farm in Bedfordshire, attempting—along with 18 women—to get in shape. At 5′ 10″ and 260 pounds, Milburn looks considerably more like the ball than the bat. He was bounced off the All-England squad last year for overweight but has been named to this year's team, which will tour the West Indies in December.

On his first day at the health resort, Milburn was given three glasses of lemon-flavored hot water. Nothing else. The next day he was allowed three glasses of orange juice. And on the third night, he was served two boiled eggs and a piece of diet bread.

Each morning he takes a seaweed bath, and after that he is coated with paraffin wax. He has peeled off 16 pounds so far, but is "determined to lose two stone [28 pounds] or bust."

HOME ON THE RANGE

"Beat the Blackout with a Cowboy Antenna," read the advertisement in the Dallas *Times Herald*. "Watch the Cowboys' home games at home on your own TV." And that is what thousands of Cowboy fans are doing, thanks to an ingenious new pirate TV antenna that sells for only $4.95. The seven-foot antenna is designed so that it rejects telecasts from the Dallas-Fort Worth area and picks up broadcasts of Cowboy home games from stations at Waco and Sherman, Tex.

"There are two types of the antennas," Carl Gokie, a distributor, explains. "If you live in north Dallas, you buy the one that picks up games from Sherman, and if you live across town in Oak Cliff, Lakeview or Duncanville, you purchase a Waco antenna. Some people in poor reception areas have bought two." So far 21,000 have been sold to Cowboy supporters.

The manufacturer, a Burlington, Iowa man named Marvin Tate, believes he could build an antiblackout antenna for football and baseball fans in any city.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

What with their 2-4 record and all, the rumor in Buffalo last week was that the Bills' coach, Joel Collier, was being replaced. It was reported that Norm Van Brocklin was to be his successor. People claimed to have seen Van Brocklin around town and on the sidelines at the game the Bills lost to Oakland two Sundays ago. Another rumor had it that Van Brocklin had bought a home in Hamburg, a Buffalo suburb.

Norm Van Brocklin was in Dallas two Sundays ago doing the telecast of the Saints-Cowboys game. He has only been in Buffalo once, in July 1965. And the owner of that house in Hamburg is Jim Van Brocklin, an electrical sales engineer, who says the closest he came to coaching a football team was as a scoutmaster. Jim is not related to Norm and has "never met him except to see him once on television." But, he adds, "My uncle was introduced to him once in California, if that helps."

DRAWING THE LINE

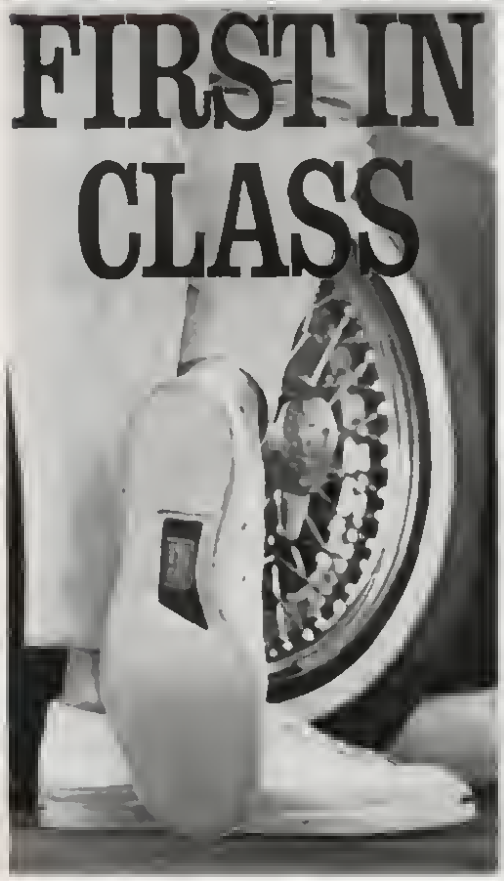
With a name like his—Mason Dickson—the candidate, no doubt, thought that he would appeal to everyone. Instead, he appalled them when he announced his candidacy for homecoming queen at TCU. When challenged on his fitness (figuratively speaking) for the office, Dickson argued that nowhere in the election rules did it specify that a TCU homecoming-queen candidate had to be female. The only stipulations were that the student have a two-point or better grade average and have completed 73 hours. Dickson met these qualifications admirably.



"Some of the other beauty queens told me I really shouldn't enter the competition," Mason said. "I think they

continued





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Jack Purcell

by B.F.Goodrich

were afraid that I'd get more votes than they would." How popular Mason would have been with the Texas Christian student body will never be known. The election committee members crossed his name off the ballot, and, anticipating the worst, announced they would not even accept write-in votes.

INSULT TO INJURY

During the World Series, Boston's Fenway Park was as oversubscribed as the Metropolitan Opera on opening night. Pitney-Bowes stamp machines, returning hundreds of unopened applications for Series tickets, had the gall to add this metered message. "Being there is twice the fun."

JUST FOR KICKS

Brigham Young's Dennis Patera and Rich Adams are ranked in the top 20 in national collegiate kicking statistics, yet their names can't be found in the Cougars' 1967 football guidebook. This fall, long after the team roster was complete, Patera and Adams walked into Coach Tommy Hudspeth's office and asked for tryouts.

Patera had been a discus thrower on the BYU track team, but his scholarship had expired. He needed another one to complete his studies in business management. He informed Hudspeth that he thought he could kick a football rather well.

About the same time Adams, just back from two years on a Mormon mission, approached one of the BYU assistant coaches. Adams looked lean (5′ 9″) and hungry (150 pounds) and zealous—hardly of football fiber. But after the assistant watched Adams punt, he told Hudspeth, "I think you better take a look at him."

Hudspeth did—and he looked at Patera, too. Adams is now averaging over 40 yards per punt; Patera has kicked a field goal in every BYU game and has added 17 of 19 extra points, and Coach Hudspeth is making sure that his office door is always open.

BLACK FRIDAY FOR VEGAS

Last Friday the 13th was hardly unlucky for what the manager of The Dunes Hotel and Country Club in Las Vegas discreetly described as "a short, chubby man from Connecticut." With a milling, shouting crowd standing 12-deep

around the crap table, chubby managed the unheard-of feat of rolling 50 straight passes. He was at the table for more than two hours without losing a roll, and when he was finished he had won nearly $25,000. More important, from the casino's viewpoint, was the fact that gamblers betting with him won an estimated half a million dollars. If there had not been a $500 limit at the table, The Dunes might well be bankrupt today.

The longest run of luck previously recorded in Las Vegas was 28 passes made in 1950 by a man on his honeymoon.

AT JASPER'S PLACE

If the object at The Dunes casino was winning, down the street at Jasper Martin's pizza parlor the clientele was trying hard to lose. Martin sponsors a contest the purpose of which is to pick the losers in 12 college football games. Although 3,000 people enter the competition each week, no one has turned in an all-losing ballot yet.

BUTT OF A JOKE

The night before their game with the University of British Columbia, students at Simon Fraser U. raided the agricultural barns of their archrival. After painting SFU on the cows' hindquarters, they turned the herd loose on the staid UBC campus.

POSITIVE APPROACH

Before they ran onto the field at Stanford last Saturday four UCLA players were hypnotized, with the approval of Coach Tommy Prothro, a longtime advocate of the scientific approach to football. For the previous two days, Halfback Lynn Hinshaw and Tackles Alan Claman, Hal Griffin and Vince Bischof had submitted themselves to psychophysiologicalautogenesis, or, as it is more simply called, alphagenics. The process is a form of self-hypnosis by tape recording. Its purpose is to train the mind to discipline the body in such a way as to avoid pain, relieve tension, gain self-confidence and improve one's self-image.

Each day after football practice, the players reported to a laboratory, where they listened to tape recordings. The first tape set the proper mood for audio reception of a learning process—"One,

continued

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two, three . . . I am at peace . . . my right arm is warm . . . my left arm is warm . . . the back of my neck is warm . . . my shoulders feel heavy . . . I feel no more tension. . . ." The second tape varied according to the athlete's personality, his position and what Prothro wanted him to learn.

"I don't want to single out any one man and divulge what I prescribed for him," said Prothro, "but an individual recording might go like this: 'You relax easily. You know your job. You know your assignments. You know what you want to do. You have the ability. Go out and move quickly, effortlessly, fluidly, sizing up the play as it develops, and explode into action in the execution of my assignment.' "

Clark Cameron, a social psychologist and former Bruin football manager, convinced Prothro that alphagenics might be useful to his players when he demonstrated that with the method he could lower the rate of his heartbeat from 42 to 37 beats per 30 seconds.

Cameron claims that when an athlete fumbles, it is not because of an inability to hold onto the ball, but because he fears—for a split second—that he will drop it.

The mental therapy is expensive—$400 per man—but, if it works, what price beating USC?

THEY SAID IT

• Al Bianchi, coach of the Seattle SuperSonics basketball team, describing his young NBA club: "This team is so aggressive we might foul out in warmups."

• Bob Dinaberg, California Western football coach, on developing a game plan for Los Angeles area smog conditions: "First, we dip a football in a bucket of water, that's known as the wet-ball drill. Then we practice with one nostril taped up. Then we ask Larry Philpot, one of my assistants, to smoke a cigar on the bus."

• Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati Royals basketball star, asked what he thought of Wilt Chamberlain getting $250,000 a year from the Philadelphia 76ers: "Man, what could he get if he could shoot free throws!"

• Nick Nicolau, University of Bridgeport football coach. "Our trainer has become so injury conscious that he is putting life jackets on the players before he allows them in the whirlpool." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 30, 1967



ONE WAY TO DAM THE TIDE

The longest unbeaten streak in all college football ends at Birmingham where waves of Tennessee's orange jerseys swamp Bear Bryant's Alabama

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR

CONTINUED



'WYCHE HAS MOVED TO MORE ELEGANT QUARTERS'

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

All right, you long sufferers. You have been looking for the way to beat Alabama. Here is how you do it. Very simple. First thing you get two top quarterbacks, one who passes like a professional and runs like he would rather not (call him Swamp Rat Warren, just for fun) and one who is a terrific natural athlete (call him Charlie Fulton) who also doubles as a tailback and frightens people no matter what he plays. Are you getting this down? Then you make a raid into Alabama and grab a prospect from under the nose of Bear Bryant. That's the hard part. Better do that at night. Call this prospect Richmond Flowers Jr. of the Montgomery Flowers. Flowers can catch, and he can run with what he has caught. Then you go down to Tampa, Fla., and get a couple more quarterbacks and shove them onto the defensive team. They will love it.

Now pay attention, because this is where it gets tricky. *You allow both Warren and Fulton to get hurt before the game.* Knock them right out of the action, see? And you bring up a quarterback with a name nobody can pronounce. Bubba Wyche. Does it rhyme with tyke, rich, psyche, rice or swish? His father says with "I-ch." Bubba is a fellow who has been hanging around for four years, serving time as a red shirt on the meatball squad and aching to get a chance to earn his laundry money.

Bubba gets a lot of unattention, and richly deserves it. Even the week before, when he makes his debut on national television because Warren and Fulton are hurt and he beats Georgia Tech, nobody thinks about him. Who's Georgia Tech? Beat Alabama, that's the thing.

So, on a lovely clear day in late October you put the baby-faced, blue-eyed, turned-up-nose and nice-as-can-be Bubba Wyche on the painted turf of Legion Field in Birmingham before the largest crowd—72,000—ever to see an Alabama-Tennessee football game. Then you add expatriate Flowers, who once got a wire from Alabama that said, "The Bear will make you regret your unfortunate decision," and those two former quarterbacks from Tampa, Defensive Halfback Albert Dorsey and Linebacker Steve Kiner. You tell Wyche to throw passes, Flowers to catch them, Dorsey to intercept when Ken (The Snake) Stabler throws and Kiner to intercept Alabama's runners. And there you have, in capsule, how Tennessee beat Alabama last weekend by a score of 24–13.

With its victory, up went Tennessee to the top of the Southeastern Conference, which is called The Really Big Ten, with justification. Down went Alabama's 25-game undefeated streak. Up went Coach Douglas Adair Dickey's first victory over Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant. This story will serve to explain how an aspiring young coach just four years into the race and with a name like Douglas Adair can beat a famous older coach named Bear.

Alabama-Tennessee is a rivalry that goes back 66 years. It was once and has probably become again the biggest game in Dixie. Like most great rivalries, it inspires and provokes. Bryant himself played in this game with a broken leg. It was 1935 and Alabama won. Last year Tennessee blew a 10-point lead in the rain at Knoxville, fell behind 11-10 and came within a 19-yard field-goal try of pulling it out in the final minute.

Alabama went on to an undefeated season, and Knoxville never got over the game. An otherwise temperate Tennessee engineering professor said it was "the most disappointing moment of my life." From that moment until last Saturday the rematch was drooled over. Preseason billboards advertising Tennessee's schedule were blatantly pointed. On top was GO VOLS. Beneath it, BEAT 'BAMA.

Carrying the football with élan, third-string Quarterback Wyche steps off on an option play

But most of this seemed to be more a frenzy of dread than optimism. The redoubtable Bryant raises the terrible suspicion in an opponent that he is unbeatable, that he can outsmart, outcoach and outshow everybody else and, in the clutch, even make a field goal float mysteriously off to the right.

Doug Dickey sat in the parlor of his new home in Knoxville suburbia one night last week before the trip to Birmingham and talked in pragmatic terms of having to face this monolith. He was relaxed.

"There is no question of the personality cult, and any idea like that is wrong, all wrong," he said. "It's the kids that play, it's not me and The Bear slugging it out in the middle of the field. He'd tell you the same thing. But you go down there, down to Birmingham, and there's 70,000 people yelling, 'We believe,' and it's the easiest thing in the world to lose your poise. You get to thinking about The Bear being a genius. He's great, no doubt about it. He'll go down with Knute Rockne on his achievements. You get to thinking about it. Then comes the big think. How can I outguess him? The next thing you know you're trying to beat him with gobbly-wobble. But you won't. If you win, you'll win doing the things you do best, and that's what we'll be doing against Alabama. We'll forget the nonsense. That's sure what The Bear will do. He'll try to beat us with his strength. Frankly, I believe our strength is good enough to win."

With a third-string quarterback?

"I have no doubts about Wyche. No reason to be uneasy. He's a good quarterback. We knew it all along. He was just snakebit by injuries. He's ready now. After all, he has been attending quarterback game-meetings for four years." Dickey smiled.

At practice Wyche said the entire experience was unreal. After years of who's-he, years of being an ersatz Joe Namath or Steve Sloan or Ken Stabler for

continued

the defense to spar with, he had suddenly been on national television, in front of his Atlanta home folks, and here he was about to be the starting quarterback against Alabama. He was the object of wondrous affection. His roommate, Wingback Mike Price, joked that Bubba overthrew passes so far you had to buy a ticket to retrieve them. When calls came to the dorm, callers were told: "Mr. Wyche? I'm sorry, Mr. Wyche has moved to more elegant quarters befitting his station."

To beat Alabama, Dickey had reached the following conclusions that were the basis of his confidence. 1) Alabama did not have the defense that made it the least scored-on team in the country last year, and 2) the Crimson Tide was no longer a tidal wave as a running team. Alabama did not have a running back in the streamlined style of Les Kelly. It did not have a strong fullback. The offense was mainly Snake Stabler to Dennis Homan, which is probably the best battery in college football, plus the brilliant Stabler running the ball on the option play.

Dickey's solution was to give Homan a regular traveling companion in the person of Jimmy Weatherford, plus double-coverage help from the other backs on every possible play. Tennessee would clog the tackle hole, contain on the outside and hope to force Stabler back to the middle when he chose to run.

As to his offense, Dickey said, "I know we can run on Alabama." He felt, too, that by using Wingback Flowers in a wide variety of slants and cuts, Quarterback Wyche could get him the ball. Dickey knew Flowers was a much improved receiver, that he recently had learned how to control his great natural speed and run short patterns well. Alabama might not be aware of that.

There was no doubt, however, that an awful pressure had built up in Knoxville. It flooded the town, and it washed over the players. "I've been reading about Alabama and Bear Bryant all my life," said Linebacker Kiner when the team got to Birmingham. "Now I get to play 'em. Gosh."

Meanwhile Bryant was busy trying to do something about the flaws Dickey had found. They were certainly no less obvious to him. Alabama had given up a staggering 37 points in its opening tie game with Florida State. Bryant said after that, "We've got the nicest, finest, gentlest people in the world on defense. We don't have anybody who will even raise his voice. Trouble is, to have a good defense you got to have some ornery people on it."

The week of the game the words coming down from the Alabama practice tower were "Let's get a mad on out there ... let's get reckless. Get reckless." But now there was another problem. Alabama had been hit with a series of vexing injuries that made it impossible to get too reckless. Bryant said he had not seen it so bad in 30 years of coaching. One player, sophomore Safetyman Mike Dean, on the very day he was told he would get his first start, let a pass slip through his hands, and the point of the ball, passing right between the bars of his helmet, hit him in the eye. He had to wear an eye patch for two days. The marvelous Homan was so pained by bruised ribs that he could not raise his hands over his head on Wednesday. The first team worked in sweat clothes all week. But unlike the injuries to Tennessee's two principals on offense, Warren and Fulton, and Linebacker Nick Showalter, Alabama's were not so serious that key personnel did not participate. Homan played, and played well, as did Dean. But the team was sore in spots.

Alabama's hope was that it would get to Quarterback Wyche early, establishing in him a sensitivity for the ground and a respect for the breathtaking contact game that football is. "Get the quarterback on the ground," defensive coaches preached all week. Wyche figured to be jittery. Alabama hoped to double his trouble. To get Homan free for Stabler's passes, Bryant installed a series of disguising maneuvers that would practically reverse Alabama's previous passing tendencies. There would be more plays called at the line of scrimmage to keep the ball away from Tennessee's rover back. To further the prospect of getting Homan free, a double flanker was installed, using Tailback Ed Morgan out with the wide receivers.

It can be left to closer analysis to find out which plans went wrong and which went right, but there is no confusion about what happened on the field. Tennessee plain beat Alahama. On the first series of downs Tennessee knew what it could do, and would do, and helped Alabama discover what the Crimson Tide could not do. Tennessee ran the



Razzle-dazzle Tennessee touchdown came when the tailback moved to his left, took a pitch from the quarterback, faked a run, then stopped suddenly to pass to the tight end, who was all alone

ball, tearing at Alabama's middle. Wyche was indeed jittery. He bobbled the snap three times, but on each occasion he recovered in time to complete the play. He was not intimidated, and Alabama did not get to him. In 13 plays, keeping nice and clean, he drove Tennessee 67 yards to a touchdown, the score coming when Tailback Walter Chadwick dove over the Alabama goal line from one yard out.

Stabler was not in exceptional form in the first half, but he still got Alabama back into a tie, mainly with his own running. Alabama's running backs were not getting to the holes—what there was of them—soon enough, but on the option plays to the outside, either side, The Snake was a sight to see. His retaliatory touchdown drive was for 51 yards, and he got the score himself on an eight-yard roll around the right side.

In view of his statistics—five interceptions, two more than he had had in four previous games—it would seem ludicrous to say that Stabler threw better in the second half, when four of the interceptions occurred. But that is what happened. He ran into a combination of two things—the bad luck of having balls skip through his receivers' hands into those of the opposition and the superior defensive play of Tennessee. Weatherford played Homan tough and tight, and he got plenty of orange-jerseyed help whenever Stabler wanted to throw to his favorite target (*see cover*). For the first time this season, Homan, the country's leading scorer, did not catch a touchdown pass. And Linebacker Kiner made three big plays, throwing Stabler for long losses.

Tennessee went ahead in the third quarter after a poor Alabama kick gave the Volunteers possession on the Alabama 40. Two good passes to Flowers, who had six receptions and a fine afternoon, took the Vols to the 18. Two more plays moved them only to the 11, and into a crucial situation. Dickey might not call the next play gobbly-wobble, but it would have to be at least gobble or wobble. Wyche pitched back to Chadwick as if to begin a power sweep around the left side. Flankerback Terry Dalton curled for the sidelines and when the Alabama linebacker and halfback reacted to the apparent run, Tight End Kenny Delong slipped through the gap and was all alone in the end zone, where Chadwick kind of shotputted a left-handed pass to him. It was Chadwick's first pass play, ever.

That was the go-ahead touchdown, and later there was a 47-yard field goal by sophomore Karl Kremser to increase the margin to 17-7.

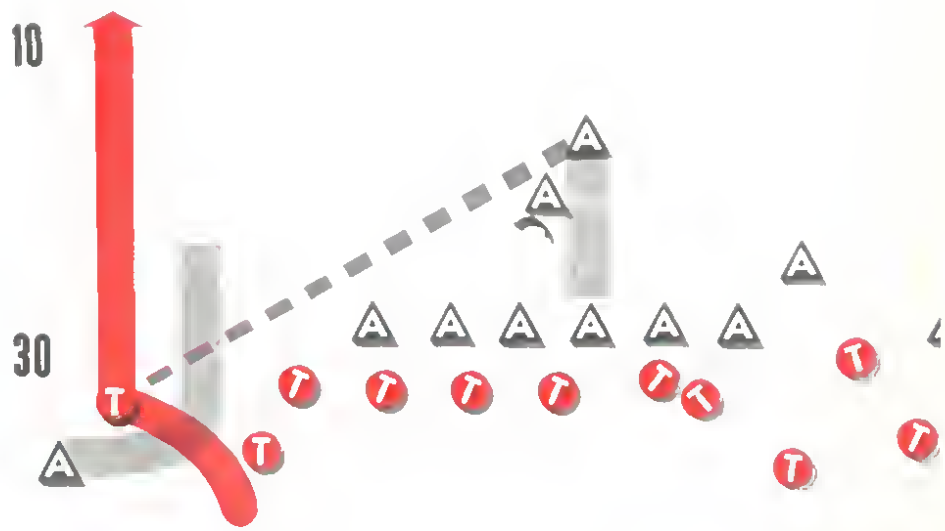
But Alabama had not sustained a 25-game unbeaten streak by quitting in the fourth quarter. Soon Tennessee was backed up near its goal line by a 60-yard punt, and from there Wyche tried to pass. The choice of such a bold play is debatable, and the debate began instantly when Dean intercepted and ran the ball down to the Tennessee 15. It is hard enough to beat Bear Bryant without helping him out. In five plays Alabama had a touchdown. Stabler tried to reach Homan in the end zone with a two-point pass, but failed.

It was now 17-13, and Alabama was quickly on offense again. Stabler had the team moving when a pass to Homan bounced off his hands and into Albert Dorsey's for a Tennessee interception. When Alabama next got the ball, Stabler moved the Tide steadily from its own 11 to a first down on the Tennessee 41. With 2½ minutes to play Stabler rifled a pass to Danny Ford, but, oops, Ford juggled it and Dorsey was there to collect another interception.

But still Tennessee could not apply the clincher. Alabama got the ball, and, for a fleeting, gasping second, it had a chance, as Stabler threw deep where Homan at last had beaten Weatherford and was in the clear at the 30-yard line. But the pass was a shade too long. The ball grazed Homan's fingertips, hung momentarily and fell to the ground.

Three plays later here came Dorsey again, slicing in front of Alabama's Richard Brewer to intercept his third pass. Dorsey zigzagged his way 31 yards to the end zone, and when he got back to the bench he was gasping happily, "It's my birthday, my birthday. Boy, what a birthday present. We beat Alabama and I scored my first touchdown. What a birthday."

But Doug Dickey did not allow himself the luxury of going particularly nuts after his finest victory—one that established his team as the South's best. He is now among the cool and collected big-time winners, and he reacted like any good man would who has just beaten Bear Bryant. He was humble, but he smiled a lot. **END**



Alabama's last hope vanished with this play. Expecting a sideline pass because time was short, the alert Tennessee defender cut in front of the receiver for easy interception and a touchdown.

IT'S EARL, EARL, EARL THE PEARL

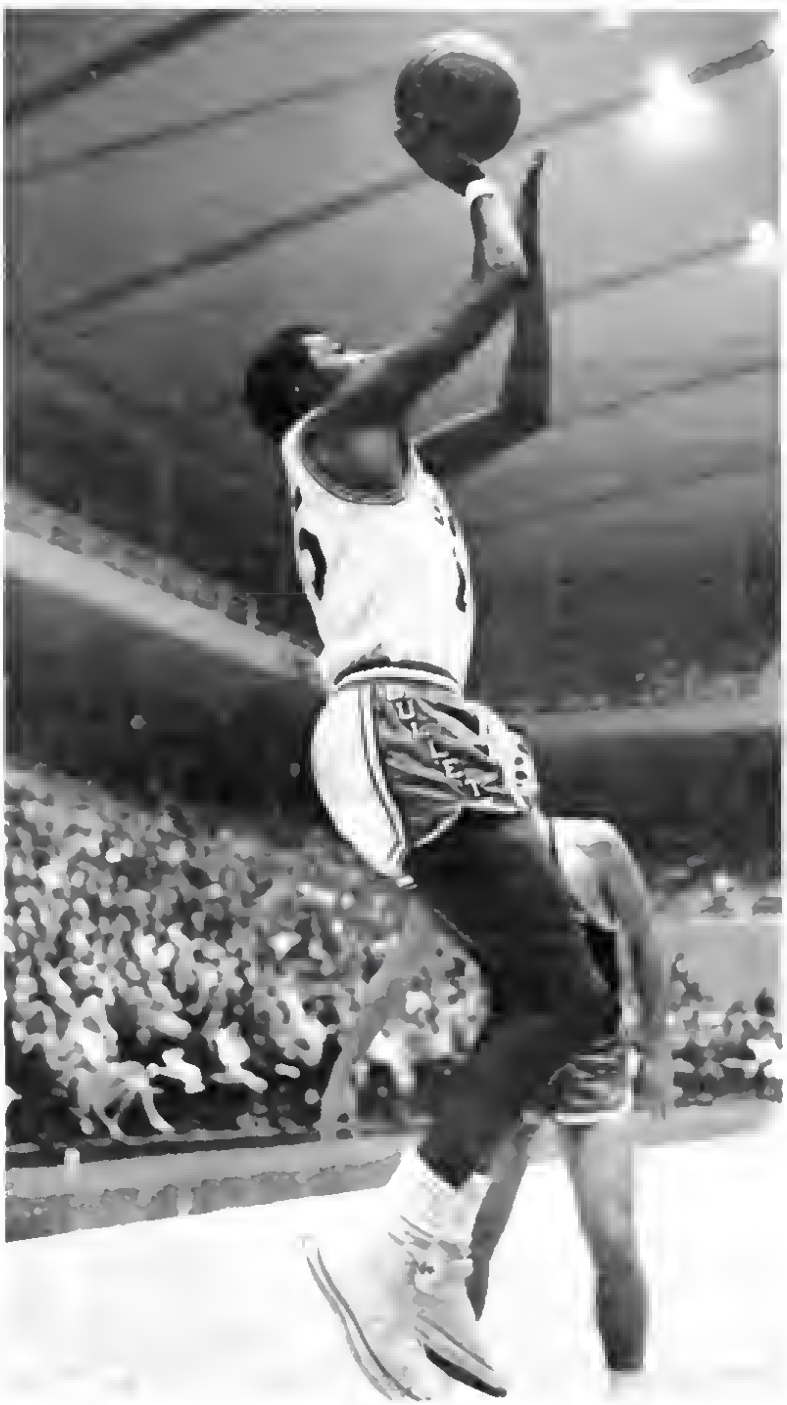
The chant that followed Earl Monroe through a lively college career is taken up by Baltimore basketball fans as the rookie shooter and showman quickly moves into a starring role with the Bullets

by FRANK DEFORD

The rookie, Earl the Pearl, stirred from his afternoon nap and squinted out the window of his room in the Lord Baltimore Hotel toward the Civic Center, where he would begin his professional basketball career with the Bullets in another three hours. It was an eerie, Cimmerian dark outside, for this was one of those Baltimore evenings when the weather, always mischievous, misplaces whole months.

There are, normally, only two seasons in Baltimore, anyway—spring and fall being acknowledged by the populace only in deference to the calendar. Spring is celebrated on the few days the flowers in Sherwood Gardens are in full bloom. Fall is observed on the Sundays when the Colts perform. The rest is sweaty summer and raw winter, and it was summer last Wednesday, in the 70s and sticky, when the rookie, Earl the Pearl, put on his white-on-white shirt, his Paisley tie, his biscuit-colored blazer and started off for the Civic Center. Then the heavens opened all over Maryland. There were tornado warnings and snow and hail, and in downtown Baltimore there was a cloudburst as winds reached 55 mph. Such mad convulsions sent the thermometer plunging and the rookie back inside the hotel. He waited a few minutes till the storm subsided. Then, in winter, he started again for the Civic Center.

Baltimore, despite being flanked by Washington and Philadelphia, where the sport flowers, has never been a basketball town. The rookie, Earl the Pearl Monroe, is, for instance, from Philly. The only player ever to come out of Baltimore is Gene Shue—the man who took over as coach of the Bullets in the middle of their last, horrendous (20-61) season. But then, the team's performance has been on a level with local interest in the sport. Animated basketball conversation in Baltimore is still restricted to sketchy reminiscences of Shue's play at Towson Catholic High or of the World Champion Bullets of 1947. In those days the Bullets played in an erstwhile roller rink, where players shared the meager



shower facilities with the stray cats who domiciled there. The place was called, in delusion, the Coliseum.

Now, the rookie Monroe entered the Civic Center, the clean, modern home of the Bullets of the '60s. It was 90 minutes before the tip-off, and he was frightened. It was not, however, the game that concerned him; he was thinking about a testimonial dinner *for himself* that he first had to endure. His friends smirk at the suggestion that Monroe is shy, but his celebrity status has come so quickly that he is still withdrawn in public. Only five years ago he was a stock boy, scratching out a buck and a half an hour. "That's kind of a dark spot in my life," he says. He does not like to think of it. He was recruited the next year for a small, predominantly Negro college, Winston-Salem State, and, by the time he was graduated last June, he and the school were famous. "Earl, Earl, Earl the Pearl. Earl, Earl, best in the world," they chanted, and he averaged 41.5 points and led his team to the NCAA small-college title. Now the Winston-Salem alumni of Baltimore were gathered to honor their famous colleague, and about 200 of them packed a banquet room. Earl was escorted to the head table, where he joined the mayor himself. They all sang the national anthem.

The mayor, Theodore R. McKeldin, one of the last of the great orators, limited himself to a few warm words of welcome for Earl, and presented him with an autographed copy of his own book about Baltimore, *Nu Mean City*. At last, after more kind words, the rookie realized he had to speak, and he made a nice little talk of thanks, excusing his brevity since he had to leave Winston-Salem now to go play basketball with the pros. There were less than 30 minutes left before he was to move out onto the court.

He stood there before the game during his second national anthem, languidly, his eyes nowhere, but from the moment he began to play there was neon about him that no one could miss. The Bullets put on a fantastic team show and easily beat the New York Knicks, 121-98. Monroe was not even the leading scorer—Forward Jack Marin, one of the most improved players in the league, had that distinction—but the rookie was the show as, apparently, he is destined to be everywhere. He does not have to pop the jumper, or use a turnaround switch dribble, lead the break, fire the pass or block the shot to win attention. Somehow, a crowd just flashes into rapport with him and murmurs at even his simple moves. The Pearl doesn't know why himself. "I guess I'm a showman," he says, "but what's that? I'm not any Harlem Globetrotter. That's not my style."

"Back home we've always known Earl had it," said Ray Scott, the big forward, after the opener. Scott grew up in the same neighborhood as Monroe. "I've only seen one other rookie come into the league like Earl—where you can just tell," he said. "That was Dave Bing, when I was at Detroit last year. Earl's got it up here. He didn't score a lot in the exhibitions because he was trying to work with us up front, get us accustomed to his moves. That's a smart rookie. The game can't all be as smooth as tonight, but he'll be a great one. Listen—Dave, now Dave is my heart, but Earl is just beautiful. He *is* the Pearl."

Even the Baltimore fans sensed that here was something special, the instant Monroe took the ball. He missed his first two shots, but then, with three minutes gone, he dribbled between his legs, cut down the left side and came off the dribble with a jumper that went home from the corner. The place exploded. Monroe had not been shooting well in the exhibitions. That one play, he said, revived everything. He had never seen the Knicks before and did not even know who the players guarding him were, but it hardly mattered. Baltimore led by as much as 39. Monroe made 22 and five assists. In the end, the excited crowd was just screaming "Earl, Earl" over and over at Shue, imploring him to send Monroe back into the game. "Ahh no," the coach said later with a catnip twinkle. "Let them pay to see him the next time."

They were waving money at the ticket windows when the Civic Center opened the next morning. For Saturday's second game, against Boston, the Pearl attracted the largest advance and the biggest cash gate in Bullet history as 9,164 showed up to scream. "I don't know how much he's making," Bill Russell said afterwards, "but he's worth every penny." Monroe made five more assists, got eight rebounds and 16 points—but he and the rest of the team had a bad shooting night, and Boston broke open a close game in the third quarter. Still, the fans would not leave, and when the Pearl put on some razzle-dazzle in the closing minutes the Civic Center rocked—though the home team was hopelessly out of the game. No one could remember a Baltimore crowd, their heroes in defeat, reacting so enthusiastically to a single player's performance.

Even with the loss to Boston, however, Shue's Bullets showed that they can be the finest Baltimore team ever. Shue has them in shape and running. Primarily, he has made them a *team*. They look for each other on offense, they help each other on defense and on the boards, where they must, for they lack power at center. Their first games were all the more impressive since they received minimal help from the incumbent star, Gus Johnson, who had an injured foot and tended to get into foul trouble.

In the locker room after the opening game, the reporters had at last left the rookie, and he dressed. Then, tentatively, he headed downstairs toward the crowd that was waiting just for him. A new, small anxiety creased his face. "This is what I really hate," he said. "The autographs and everything." But politely, self-consciously, he waded through them, the mayor's book under his arm, signing his own name now, nodding thanks. "The Pearl, the Pearl," they cried, and more of them started drifting away from the bandstand, where Lionel Hampton was leading a post-game concert. Steve Smith, a schoolteacher in Camden, N.J., who had co-captained Winston-Salem with Monroe and had come down to see his friend's debut, stood to the side of the throng and watched, shaking his head gently at the scene. Hampton, the sweat pouring from his face, was still holding a coterie of handclappers—will the big bands *ever* come back?—and launched into the finale, the boffo finish, old *Flyin' Home*, just as the rookie signed his way through the last of the fans. "Hi, Home," Monroe said to Smith, exuberantly slapping his outstretched hands. "Hi, Home," Smith said to the Pearl.

They started out into a slight, cold drizzle. At the last, a little boy rushed up to the rookie and presented him with a huge red sign. YES, EARL IS THE REAL PEARL, it read. Monroe thanked him, tucked the sign under his arm with the mayor's book and moved off into the cold. The temperature had crashed all the way down into the 40s, and for the moment, anyway—between Colt Sunday afternoons—there was winter and basketball in the damp Baltimore air. **END**

BULLY BUILDUP IN OLD MEXICO

When the pre-Olympians came to town, the leisurely pace quickened into a swing. But it was not the projects left undone that set hearts to pounding. It was gymnastics and track and all those girls, girls, girls **by BOB OTTUM**

There they were, roughly 350 days before the 19th Olympic Games, and there was supposed to be a lot of dramatic flopping about on the ground and great gasping for breath from all those big athletes. Everybody warned that the Mexican nights would be full of the sound of bursting blood vessels and that, if the altitude did not kill, there were all those intestinal germs lurking inside every ice cube that could.

Well, don't worry about it, not any of it. Just ignore unkind rumor and remember that although Mexico City sits at 7,349 feet—up there in air the color of a warm daiquiri—it is Olympic-bound at a sort of happy runaway pace. Amateur sport has a tendency to take itself too seriously anyway and right now it *needs* Mexico City. The 1968 Games are going to be just the sort of wild break this tense world deserves.

All last week Mexico ran off the first part of a two-week dress rehearsal, mostly to see what should be polished and replastered for next fall. The Olympic committee put 1,200 athletes from 54 countries through their assorted paces in the wet-paint atmosphere at the various sites around town, and several thousand critics came out to watch, provided an event 1) had girls in it, and 2) did not interfere with lunch and siesta. There were certain fine spurts of confusion, and halfway through one track and field meet in huge University City Stadium the announcer solemnly informed everybody, "The shotput bar has been raised to five meters even," which says a lot about next year.

If it seems indispensable to be very serious about last week, here is the record: the athletes competed in 179 events in 13 locations in Mexico City. Almost nobody but weight lifters broke any world records, but one was tied in track and field. Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan broadjumped 27′ 4 3 4″ into a pit of fluffy, chocolate-colored sand, which is as far as American champion Ralph Boston has ever jumped at sea level. And to show how the altitude affects such performances, Igor went to a cocktail party that same night, smoked a few cigarettes, drank a lot of Scotch and jumped about exactly the same distance all over again while doing a wild boogaloo with the hostess.

And there were other Olympic coming attractions to keep in mind. A pack of strong men ran 10,000 meters without having their eyeballs pop out of their heads. The race was won by a small, copper-colored man from Tunisia named Mohammed Gammoudi who is an old hand at Olympic Games. His time was 30 16 0, which is roughly three minutes above the world mark and just about right for Mexico. But then, four days later, he won the 5,000 meters so easily that he could have run it with a sack of mangoes under each arm.

Another frisky gentleman, Gaston Roelants of Belgium, did everything but help pour the cement for the new bleachers. Executives of Olympic sports had better resign themselves right now to the startling fact that men like Gammoudi and Roelants actually love that old high altitude. Roelants, who usually masquerades as a 3,000-meter steeplechaser, showed up in the 10,000-meter run for comic relief and finished a surprising third.

"I should have won it," he said, breathing easily. "But my coach told me to go too soon. 'Go, go, go,' he yelled at me. I did not train at altitude for any of this. I just wanted to try it. Tomorrow, then, I will win the steeplechase."

Caramba! Tomorrow—without any rest? "It is nossing," said Roelants. It was nossing. Roelants beat everybody laughing and then retired to the stands in a souvenir Mexican sombrero and serape, looking as though he intended to audition to become a bullfighter in addition to everything else. On Sunday, he entered the marathon and—what else?—won in the remarkable time of 2 19 37. Not exhausted in the least, he finished the day with a sightseeing tour.

But what did all this running and jumping and throwing prove? It proved nicely that there will be a real, oldtime Mexican hot-sauce Olympics next year if everyone will just stop worrying and relax. Further, it proved that more world records than expected will be broken when the quality of competition tightens up. For example, Boston was not there to leap into the sand pile against Ter-Ovanesyan, John Carlos, the New York sprinter, did not have any Tommie Smiths to contend with in the 200 meters. The altitude and the new Tartan track will undoubtedly favor dashers, and when all the big boys get into town, faster times also can be expected in distance events.

Meanwhile, getting ready was at least half the fun. Every waiter in town speaks English better than anyone suspects, certainly good enough to know that "on de rochas" means pour it over some ice, and the artistic Latin touch is everywhere. The Del Prado Hotel downtown, for example, has an old Diego Rivera mural in the lobby that is easily worth more than all of the rooms upstairs, and where else in the world are there gorgeously tiled rest rooms where the attendant hovers solicitously while the customer washes his hands in a million-dollar setting—and then is handed a paper towel?

Mexico is spending 500 million pesos getting dressed for the big show, laying in superhighways to all the tracks, fields, stadiums and one big ditch where they row boats. The town is digging a subway

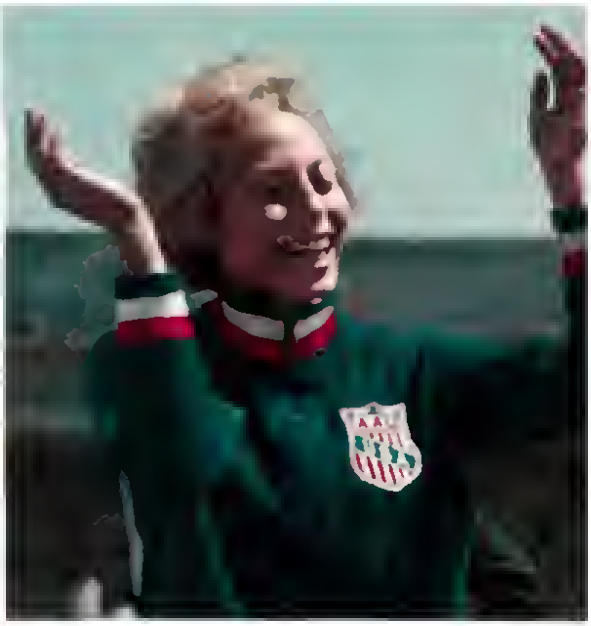
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Dwarfed in huge, high-rising National Auditorium, one of the girl gymnasts, clearly the hits of the pre-Olympic show, vies for colorful gold, silver or bronze medal.





Hand waving came easily in the light air of Mexico City, where West Germany's Bodo Tummler and the U.S.'s Charlotte Cooke celebrated wins and rept rooters followed water polo in a sylvan setting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



and already setting up practice traffic snarls all along the route to the sites.

Everybody tells everybody else that the whole thing will be ready when the Olympic torch arrives from Greece next October 11 at Teotihuacan, where there is going to be a lot of singing and dancing among the pyramids. Still, the pace of construction had not seemed to pick up any until last week when all those athletes began jogging around town in sweat suits. Suddenly there was this undercurrent of panic, which translated roughly into, "My God. The Olympics. Hurry up, you guys."

When track and field events began in the University City Stadium (soon to be called the Olympic Stadium) crews were called to work around the clock pouring those especially designed cement seats that are going to cause a worldwide wave of mysterious low back pains next year —and the pace of the whole town picked up a new swing.

In a way, the girls did it all. The one ringing truth about the Mexican pre-Olympic mood is that the sight of a lovely girl can cause a three-block traffic accident along the Paseo de la Reforma —and the sight of stunning girls in track minipants can pack more men into one stadium than anybody would believe possible.

This is not an exclusively Mexican attitude, but blondes do have more fun in Mexico City. And any man of any nationality who wouldn't go miles out of his way to see England's Mary Rand or America's Charlotte Cooke sailing along a track with everything moving at once—or the girl gymnasts in their spray-on leotards—would be so far out of his mind he would go and watch the weight lifters. There, the only spectators in the stands are members of the band and the police, and they're idly cleaning their rifles.

"It does make one a bit uncomfortable at first," said La Rand. "I mean, all those thousands of black eyes sort of boring into you from the stands. But one gets used to that sort of thing after a while and one just concentrates on the event."

Mary Rand may be the only girl athlete in the whole world who wears blue eyelashes—let's hear it out there for blue eyelashes, track fans—and one Mexican sportswriter, describing it all, almost choked. "She is a beautiful blonde," he wrote in *El Sol de México*, "whose eyes are as blue as the sky." The next sentence suffered a bit in translation: "She is a complete athlete and demonstrates it from the moment she takes off her pants. One can see her beautiful figure dressed in white. Many eyes follow her every move."

At the stadium the crowd fell to chanting, "We love you, Mary," and when she won the 80-meter hurdles, winging along on those long, tawny legs, it all got a little emotional.

Charlotte Cooke, who is blonde, 19 and a social worker in Washington, won the 400 meters managing to look just as sexy—which is not exactly the easiest trick in the world. "It is up to girl athletes," she said, "to look as feminine on the track as off."

Far off the track, over at the Auditorio Nacional, the girl gymnasts drove the boys right up the wall. This is a real tribute to spectating because the Auditorio Nacional is a huge, shadowy barn with steeply rising seats that vanish back up into a gray storm cloud at about 13,000 feet. Anyone who gets seats up there next year will need crampons and a rope. Huge plastic banners bearing Olympic pop-art insignia hang down from the ceiling like giant strips of flypaper, and everyone looks way down on three stages in front of the pipe organ. Never mind. The enthusiastic Mexicans packed the place.

There is a touch of vaudeville and a hint of burlesque in gymnastics—which makes it one sport everyone can understand. The men gymnasts are wonderful flying machines in delicate balance, and all the girls are leggy, tiny-waisted creatures who uniformly manage to look strong and helpless at the same time. At last week's events they marched from stage to stage to the accompaniment of a scratchy recording of what sounded a lot like a Yukon saloon piano, and then, facing the audience, unzipped and wriggled out of their sweat suits in unison. And at the conclusion of each series of exercises, they would bounce off the bar and throw up their arms in a sort of "look, Mom" pose.

Good form has it that the audience is supposed to remain absolutely silent while the gymnasts are at work—coughing or vulgar gum-chewing is supposed to rattle them—but Olympic officials had best be prepared for a rowdy session at the real show next year. It is hard to keep Mexicans from clapping rhythmically when they are watching girls in full swing, and they have got to be forgiven an occasional fervent *olé*.

Japan's squad won 13 out of 18 gymnastic medals, but Russia's Natalya Kuchinskaya and East Germany's Twiggy sisters, Marianne Noack, 79 pounds, and Karin Janz, 92 pounds, stole the whole show. It is perfectly safe to predict that, against these two tiny Reds, the rest of the world gymnasts are going to be in a whole lot of trouble.

After Karin had won the gold medal in asymmetrical bars and had all Mexico at her feet, she confessed that the attention she was attracting made her slightly faint. Then, checking her name and pictures in all the papers, she said, "I am a lot today." One Mexican police officer was so smitten with her winsome looks that he pulled off his badge and gave it to her in exchange for an autograph and a smile. "Uhhh, don't show it around town," he said. Then the girls, who are 15 and 16, lived it up by eating five ice-cream cones each.

There was still another week to go, which would include boxing, swimming, volleyball and a lot of stuff involving horses. By Sunday night all Mexico City was in the spirit of the thing, and it was clear that the country—which does not usually dig the full schedule of Olympic sports—was looking forward to the Games.

Consider Mexico's President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz. Early in last week's program he made an inspection trip to all the Olympic sites. He arrived in a big bus, surrounded by security men in those rumpled J.C. Penney suits and tinted green glasses. Standing in the Olympic stadium, now surrounded by wiggling javelins and an occasional discus or two, he assured the waiting world that "everything required will be ready at the latest by the end of next August."

All right, then. There is no cause to worry. Forget altitude and cares. The beautiful thing about it all is that the 1968 Games will be the wildest, most passionate, emotional ever. Who cares if the sites are ready or not or the cement is still wet? The excitement is building up in that thin, light green air.

President Díaz spotted the new mood right away. He turned to an aide in the crowd and gave a long, complicated-sounding order. Freely translated, it said: "Hey, be sure to get me some tickets to this thing." **END**

A RUMOR IS SCOTCHED AND A STARR REVIVED

Whisperers had it that Green Bay was dead and Bart Starr was out, but on Sunday the Giants learned the hard truth

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Until last Sunday there had been a rumor sneaking around the National Football League that there might be something out of sorts with the Green Bay Packers. They still wore the same green jerseys, gold pants and gold helmets that they had worn while winning four NFL championships in the past six years, and they still had a defense that is one of the best ever assembled. But their offense had suffered critical failures this season while the Packers were getting tied by Detroit and beaten by Minnesota, and the question was: Had Green Bay lost that hammering, precision attack that had been so distinctive?

The New York Giants did not have to wait long for the answer. They were whipped by the Packers 48-21, and the message was quite simple. All the Packers had lost during the early, uncertain days of this season was the use of their quarterback, Bart Starr. For three weeks before the game with the Giants, Starr had been trying to get himself cured of a number of injuries. On the day before the Packers made one of their infrequent visits to Yankee Stadium, Green Bay Coach Vince Lombardi announced to his team that Starr would start. The players could feel their confidence rise. It was as if Lombardi had assured them of invulnerability.

"Bart is our quarterback," said Packer Right Tackle Forrest Gregg, an all-NFL performer for seven years, after the game. "We're used to him. Zeke Bratkowski [Starr's substitute] has done a good job for us filling in, but Bart is our man. Our defense has been tremendous all year, but the offense hadn't been holding up its end until today. With Bart back, we got a lift. We knew anything we ran would go."

Starr is not all the way back. He has a bruised right hand, sore ribs and a shoulder injury that the Packers refuse to discuss. However, so that the Giants would not get the idea that they were dealing with a hospital case, Starr threw deep for Carroll Dale on Green Bay's first play. Had Starr been entirely healthy it would have been a touchdown. Instead the ball fell short of Dale, open by several yards. It was close enough to him, however, to teach the Giants to respect Starr's arm, aching or not, for the rest of the afternoon.

"A quarterback," said Giant Tackle Jim Colvin, who spent a month with Green Bay this season, "has got to be as tough as a guard. I've seen Johnny Unitas when he had to splint the fingers on his throwing hand, but he went out and played and didn't talk about it. Starr is that way."

If Starr showed courage, so did the Giants. After last year's slump, New York has rebuilt into a club that led the league in offense through five games. A good measure of how interesting the team has become is the number of people drawn to the rooftops beyond the outfield fence of Yankee Stadium. Sunday they were full again, the sunlight striking off the spectators' binoculars and telescopes as they peered down at the field. Even the suburban motels outside the TV blackout range reported a return of the football-watching parties that were common when Y. A. Tittle and the Giants were winning championships.

Quarterback Fran Tarkenton directs an offense that is liable to move quickly in any direction, including backward. The Packer defense had allowed five opponents an average of 30 yards per game passing, and very little more rushing, but the Giants went at it in the first quarter as if they did not believe the figures. With both Green Bay corner backs playing loose and eight yards deep, Tarkenton threw for Aaron Thomas and the ball bounced into the hands of Packer Safety Willie Wood. That was a switch. Luck of that sort had often gone against the Packers in their first five games. Green Bay moved down to the eight, where Starr had to run with the ball, and the New York tacklers gave him a thoroughly bruising test. Then Elijah Pitts scored on a sweep.

But the Giants came back, running the ball on Green Bay as few teams have been able to do. Tarkenton let Tucker Frederickson and Ernie Koy, New York's two big young backs who were hurt last year but this season have been running with speed and power, take turns smashing at the line. On a third-down play, Tarkenton scrambled and passed for 19 yards to his split end, Homer Jones, who is not much help when he does not have the ball but is very dangerous when he does. Moments later Frederickson went deep, luring away a couple of defensive backs

The Packers' Starr suffering numerous ills



Jones delayed, ran a slant and caught a 22-yard touchdown pass. The Giants then got a 14–7 lead on an 18-yard pass to Joe Morrison with 1:11 left in the half, and all the questions about Green Bay sounded loud and clear.

And that is when the Packers became a championship team again. In those 71 seconds Starr, watching the clock, used three running plays and one pass to drive Green Bay to the Giant 14. The clock showed seven seconds. Time for a field goal? Not yet. Starr passed to Boyd Dowler in the end zone. Incomplete. Still two seconds to go. Plenty of time. Out came Don Chandler for the field goal, and Green Bay went into intermission behind 14–10.

"The big thing for us was that last drive in the first half," said Lombardi. "We looked better than we have all year. We almost made the touchdown, and we knew if we missed the pass wouldn't take more than five seconds."

"I thought when we scored just before the half the momentum would be ours," said Giants Coach Allie Sherman. "Instead it was theirs."

In the third quarter the Packers, with the help of an interference penalty, rumbled off on a 63-yard drive, most of it on the famed Green Bay power sweep, with either Pitts or Jim Grabowski carrying the ball. It was a chalk drive, with the sweeps working just as Lombardi draws them on the board, 14 yards on one side, nine more, then another six on the other. Pitts scored on a sweep from the six. The second interception by Linebacker Dave Robinson set up a field goal. The Packers increased their lead to 27–14 early in the fourth quarter on Starr's passing and a one-yard run by Pitts, who later threw a pass off the sweep to get near enough for a two-yard touchdown run by Grabowski and a 34–14 lead.

Not convinced yet, the Giants rallied briefly with Tarkenton hitting Jones for a 30-yard touchdown. But Starr passed 38 yards to Grabowski for another score, and Bratkowski came in for the last drive, going 57 yards in eight running plays. Donnie Anderson's seven-yard sweep put Green Bay in front 48–21 and settled the issue of whether there is life in the Packers' offense. There is.

"Last year we struggled for five or six games before we became a good team," Lombardi said. "I hope it has happened again. Sometimes it takes a game like this. We had been kind of down. But today we ran hard, blocked hard and played hard. Starr was the big difference.

"He's still hurt. He had deep receivers open twice and just couldn't hit them, but we had to go with him."

Besides deciding to stick with Starr as long as he can walk, Lombardi renewed his reliance on his other veterans, only 14 of whom are left from the team that won the NFL championship in 1962, the last year Green Bay played in New York.

"I had been doing too much developing," explained Lombardi. "We had been playing 35 to 38 men, trying to develop and win at the same time. Today our veterans were fine. This was our best running game of the year, and when we can run, everything goes."

There had been speculation that the Packers grievously missed the pass-blocking and the little flare catches of their former fullback, Jim Taylor, as well as the spirit and diverse abilities of Paul Hornung. Against the Giants, Pitts and Grabowski made the loss of Taylor and Hornung seem less serious.

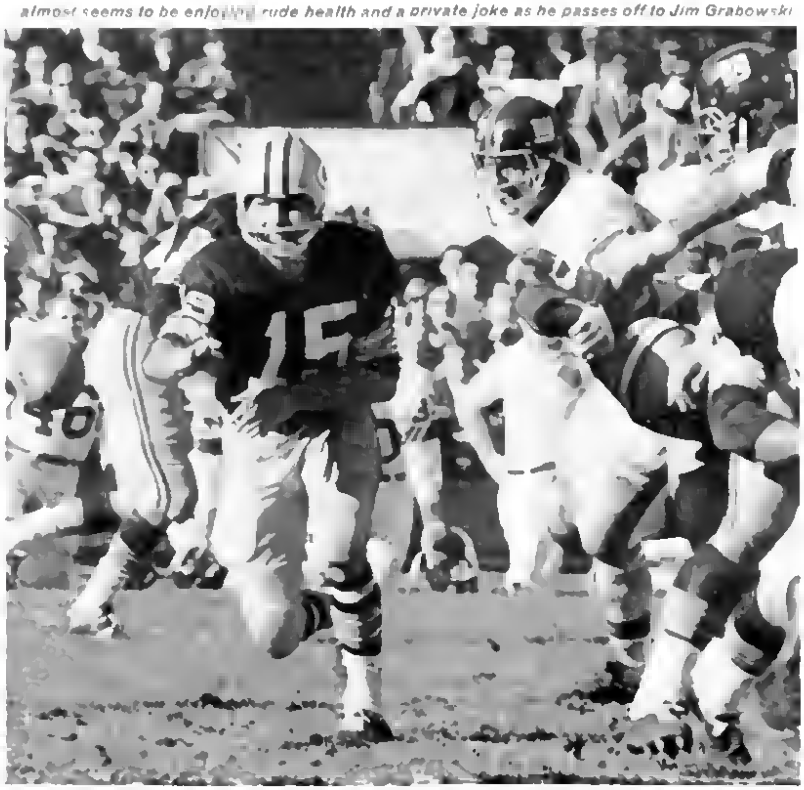
"The way Pitts and Grabowski ran and blocked, we could make anything work," Gregg said. "That Pitts is a terror."

Lombardi was happy that his offense reappeared in time to save his defense. "I'm a little disappointed, though, that we gave up 21 points," he said. "Tarkenton has a second sense. He always knows where the line of scrimmage is and where his receivers are. Playing against that scramble of his is like playing basketball."

The Packers blitzed seven times, which is about three more times than usual. "We thought we'd have a better chance of containing Tarkenton that way," Lombardi said. "The Giants have quite an offense." Someone asked what he thought of the Giant defense. "I said they have quite an offense, and that's enough of a comment," he said.

"Green Bay is the same team week after week, year after year," said Tarkenton. "They're hard to drive against. That team isn't in trouble." Not, at least, while the Packers still have a Starr. **END**

almost seems to be enjoying rude health and a private joke as he passes off to Jim Grabowski







DRAWINGS BY MARC SIMONT

The Cup Runneth and Runneth

You think the America's Cup is all washed up? Because the races off Newport last summer were a bit one-sided? Nonsense! As Commodore Percy Chubb II, at right between two of the challengers, is finding out, so many nations want to have a go at it in 1970 that the New York Yacht Club may have to set up a Davis Cup-type elimination tournament to pick a winner. But whether it turns out to be France, England, Greece or Australia, you can be sure the man at the left will be there in his $250,000 ringside seat, enjoying every minute of the tense competition, or at least resting up to read about it in the newspapers.

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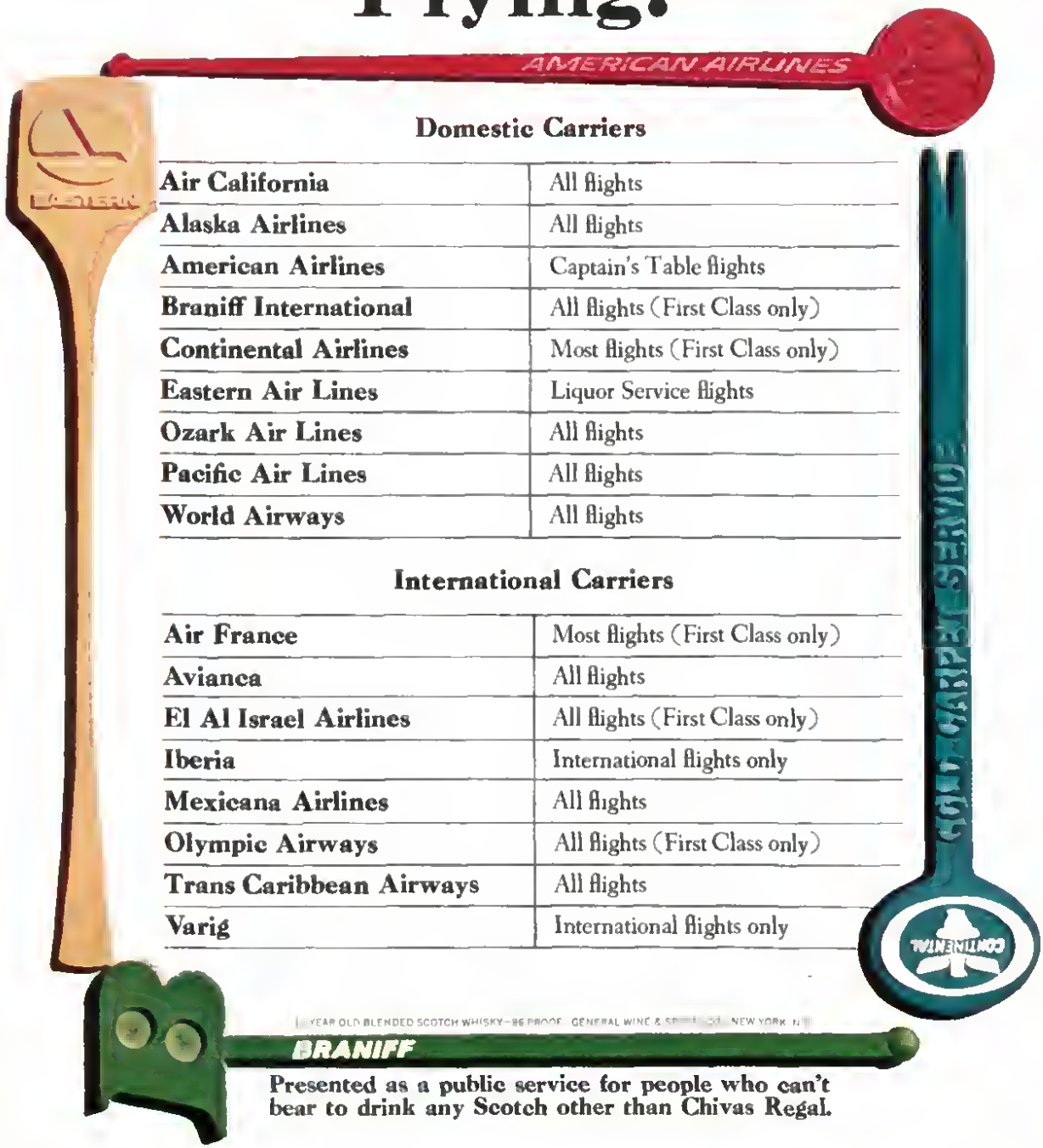




The best days at Newport are the lay days, when nobody has to go to see at all, not even the boats. Those are the days when you wander around the docks and watch celebrities like tall David Boyd explaining to pretty, striped-shirted Betty Sturrock how he designed three clinkers. Betty's husband skippered two more. And who's the broody man with long hair? He owns one of the clinkers.

CONTINUED

The Chivas Drinker's Guide to Flying:



Domestic Carriers

Air California	All flights
Alaska Airlines	All flights
American Airlines	Captain's Table flights
Braniff International	All flights (First Class only)
Continental Airlines	Most flights (First Class only)
Eastern Air Lines	Liquor Service flights
Ozark Air Lines	All flights
Pacific Air Lines	All flights
World Airways	All flights

International Carriers

Air France	Most flights (First Class only)
Avianca	All flights
El Al Israel Airlines	All flights (First Class only)
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Mexicana Airlines	All flights
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Trans Caribbean Airways	All flights
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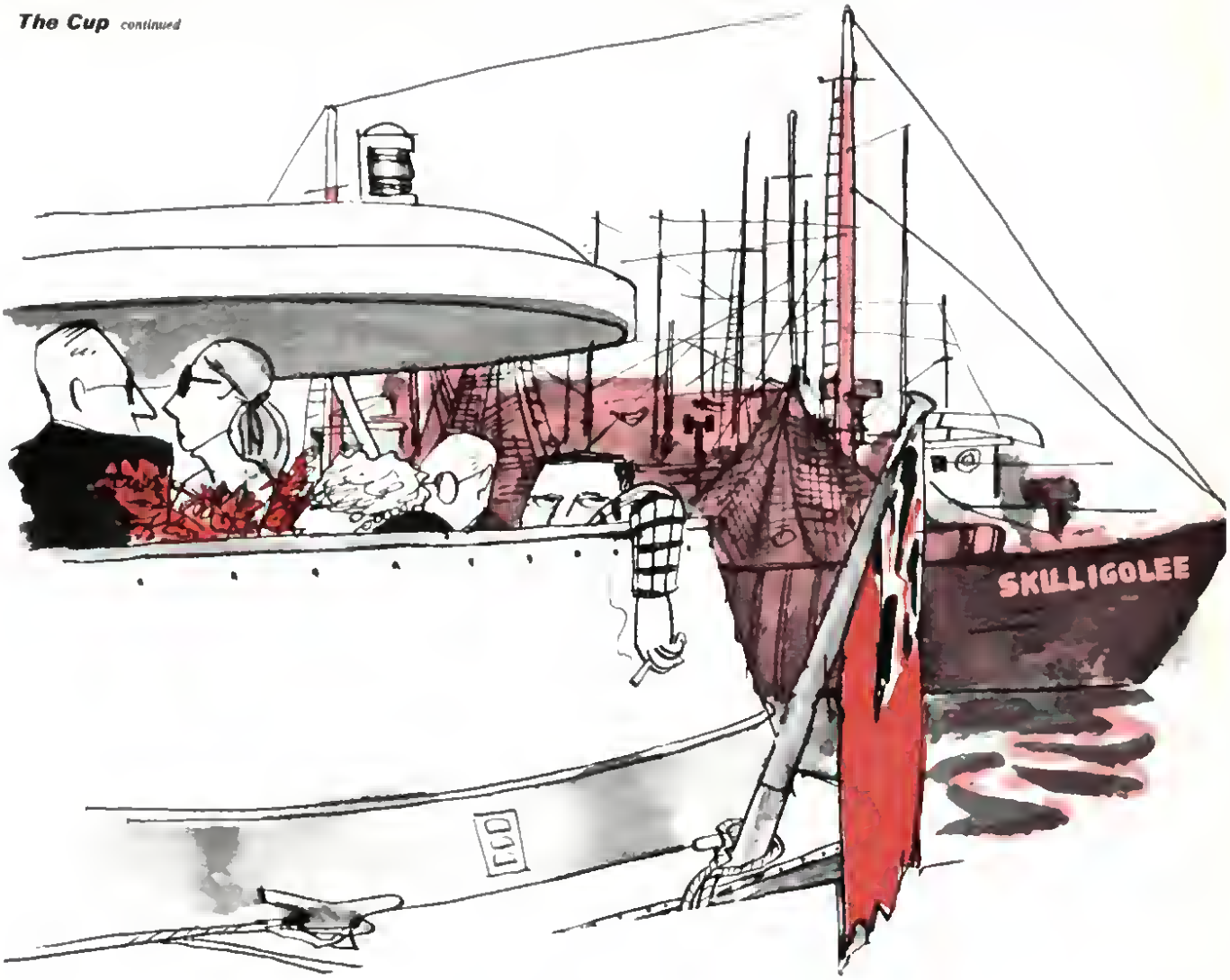


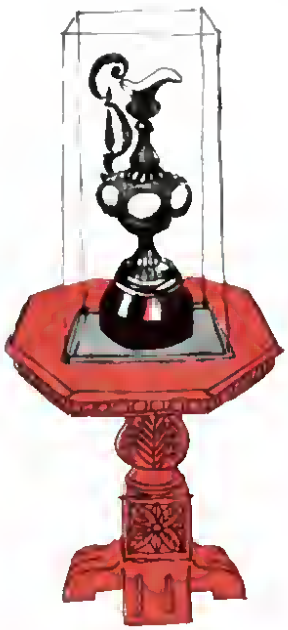
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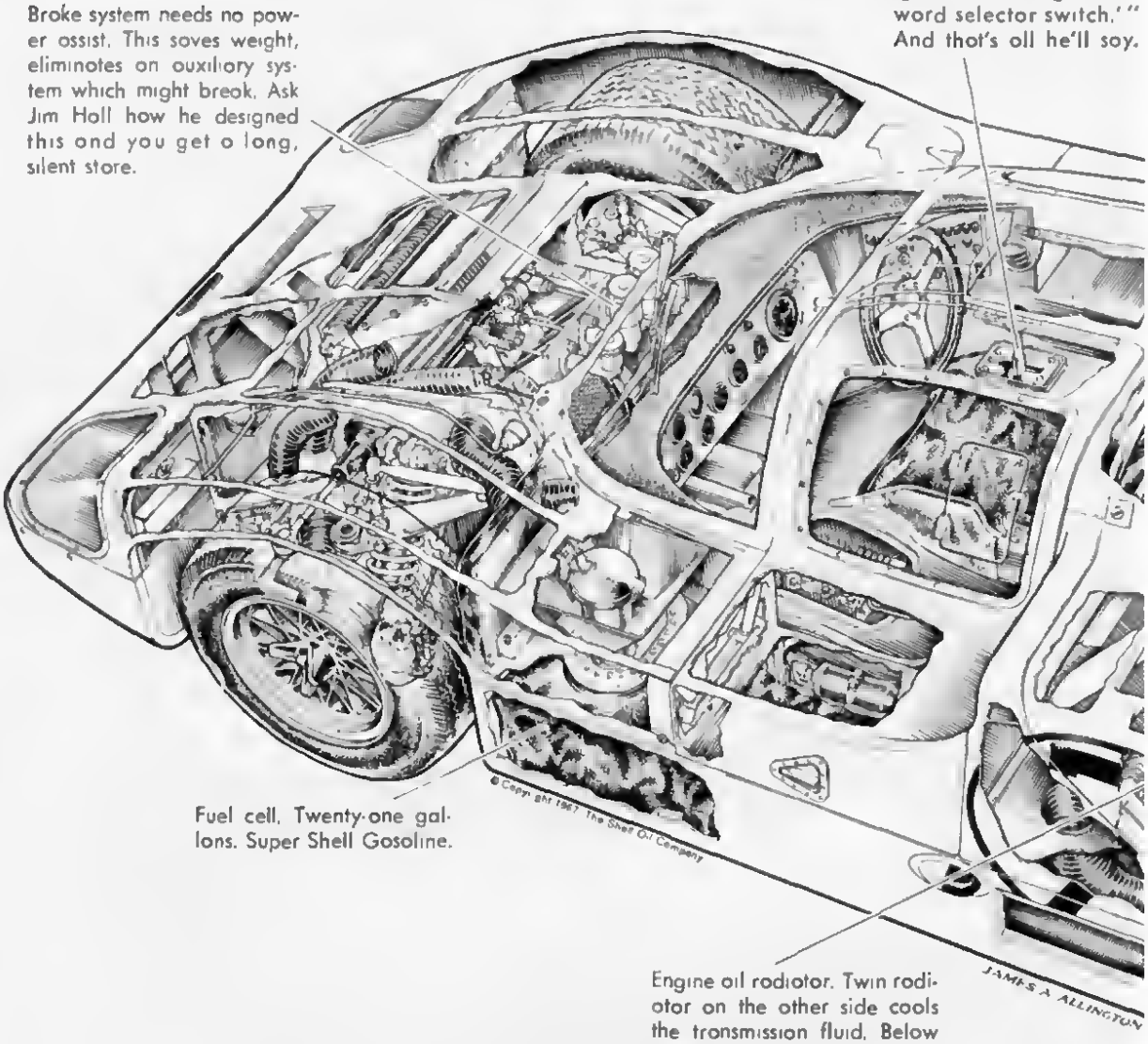


What makes cup racing the best of all spectator sports is that there is so little to watch. Once the race starts, you can go below and take a nap until you're tied up once again at the slip, sipping cocktails in the heady aroma of the fishing fleet. Then, if you are on the right yacht, there'll be a handsome someone to tell you all about windward legs and split tacks and you'll want to listen forever. It's an interesting fact that nobody can pour too much of a good thing into this remarkable cup. It has no bottom.

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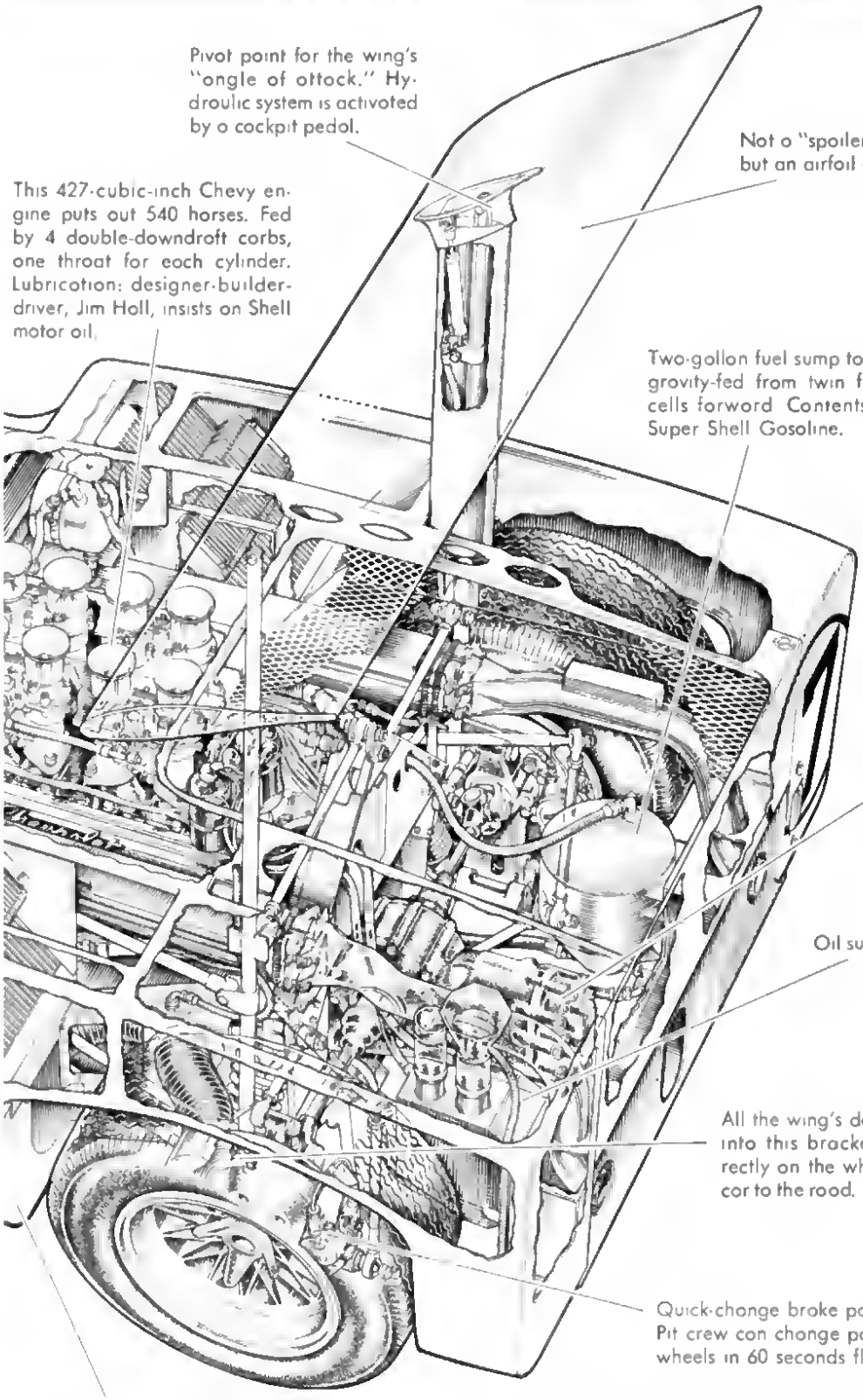
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TOP MAN ON THE LAUGH TOUR

Paul Hahn has never won a Masters or a U.S. Open, but his annual earnings from golf put him in the Nicklaus bracket. He does it by hitting shots that would make most golfers weep ***by MYRON COPE***

On the practice tee some 50 yards from the clubhouse of the Country Club of Miami, Paul Hahn steps lightly from his golf cart, the picture of a man who has licked life's biggest challenge—how to succeed without really working. Although he is 49, he is trim at the waist. His hair is dark and wavy, his skin tanned and slightly creased by good years. His glittering smile is the perfect touch to the sort of face Hollywood liked on its leading men in the 1930s.

From his wardrobe this day Hahn had chosen a spectrum of green clothing, none of which he had to pay for. His apple-green shirt, his moss-green pullover sweater and his olive slacks are by DiFini. His green-and-white alligators are by Etonic, and his glove is by Par-Mate. He plays a very professional brand of golf, ranging three strokes either side of par, but only for recreation. His name appears nowhere in the pro tournament tee-off times, let alone on the list of money-winners, yet DiFini, Etonic and Par-Mate are delighted to pay him to parade their apparel on the world's golf courses. Dunlop of Buffalo, manufacturer of golf equipment, has slapped its name on his bag, and P. Ballantine & Sons has attached its trademark as a reminder that Paul Hahn, winner of no tournaments, drinks Ballantine ale.

Hahn is, as his promotional flyers proclaim, "the Wizard of Clubs"—the king of trick-shot artists. His one-hour act, for which he charges $1,000, has "thrilled, amazed and amused millions all over the world," just as the pamphlets say. For example, with a five-iron in each hand he can wade through a horizontal row of 10 balls, ambidextrously attacking them with both clubs in a whirling blur of motion, missing not one. Or he can hit two balls simultaneously, one a hook and the other a slice.

"I've always been inclined to legerdemain," Hahn notes in his often-elegant fashion. "I never throw a piece of paper directly at a wastebasket. I bank it off the wall. That's my nature."

On the practice tee, now, he removes a portable phonograph and a loudspeaker from his cart, setting them on the ground and plugging them into the cart's battery. The tee is deserted, as it usually is when Hahn arrives to warm up for his show, but he sustains his supply of cheer by dropping a lilting Dean Martin ballad onto his record player. The music flows from the amplifier across to the clubhouse, where a heavy midafternoon crowd of Sunday golfers is giving gin and tonic a brisk play. Two small boys, drawn by the music, appear on the practice tee. Silently they watch Hahn unload a preposterous red golf bag unlike any in the world—a potbellied giant that, with its 20 clubs, weighs 80 pounds. Hahn begins to warm up with an iron, jiggling his hips in rhythm with the music. "Think hook!" he commands himself, grinning,







BAG OF TRICKS includes gag clubs such as the rubber hose (*above*) and the jointed driver. Hahn also swings from his knees or while seated and blindfolded. With any club or from any position, he can hit a ball better than most players.

and he curls a lazy hook into the distance. "Think slice!" he says. His ball slices across the blue Miami sky.

Clearly, some of the clubs in Hahn's bag are for clowning. A driver, covered by a striped stocking with a huge red tassel at the top, stands exactly as tall as Hahn—6′ 1″. A rubber hose, with a driver head at one end, dangles over the rim of the bag. Hahn's arsenal is not quite as bizarre, however, as was once pictured on the Dutch island of Curaçao by a sportswriter whose understanding of golfing English was a trifle too literal. "Hahn hits the ball 200 yards," the Dutchman told his readers, "with a rubber hose that has the head of a chauffeur attached."

In Miami this day Hahn is going to perform without a fee. Having recently moved with his wife Bobbie into a three-story townhouse apartment overlooking the 18th green of the Country Club of Miami's East Course, he thoughtfully has invited the club's members and Dunlop's Miami sales force to a 4 o'clock private viewing of his act. Yet he has been warming up for 30 minutes now, spraying the fairway with long drives and elegant fades, and his gallery consists of the two small boys, a middle-aged couple from Dunlop and a visiting journalist.

"Ten minutes till show time," Hahn says a little later, slumping onto his bench, his tone subdued. He harbors a growing discomfort resembling that of the new people on the block who invite the neighbors in for a Saturday-night party, only to see 9 o'clock pass without a guest in sight. Hahn's humiliation is naked. He knows, after all, that Jackie Gleason also lives on the edge of the course and drinks in the grill; *ergo*, why would the addition of Paul Hahn excite the neighborhood? Still, who would have thought people would stay away in such numbers?

"If they're not here by now," Hahn says, "they aren't coming. I've done this act enough times to know." With bravado, he arises and begins to clown for his audience of five.

"Arnold Palmer," he pipes, imitatively tucking his chin against his chest and hitching hard at his belt. "Jack Nicklaus," he says dawdling over a shot, first addressing the ball, then stepping back to reexamine the turf and make yet another study of the fairway. "Here's one I learned from Tommy Bolt," Hahn says. He hurls an iron 20 yards down the fairway. "Tommy's clubmakers advertise that their clubs stay in the air longer than any other brand." Everyone, right down to the fifth spectator, chuckles politely.

It is five minutes till show time and, suddenly, as if fire has broken out in the clubhouse, men and women are streaming toward the practice tee. Miamians, it is now clear, do not waste good drinking time watching warmup shots. Three hundred strong, they fall in at the rear of the tee, their gaudy golfwear fusing to form a semicircular wall of brilliant colors. His spirits restored, Hahn taps a microphone hidden in his shirt to see that it is working and then launches into his show, opening with a round of clinic-type tips for duffers.

"I used to be a club professional out in California," he is saying. "I had a class of ladies. I said to one of them, 'Thumb *here*, ma'am.'" Hahn's voice now rises to a falsetto, the American housewife variety that has grated on the ears of club pros the nation over.

"'I like my thumb where it is.'

"'Yes, but you have to have your thumb *here*.'

"'I play better with my thumb where I have it.'

"'What did you shoot today?'

"'A hundred and forty. But that's because I three-putted two greens.'"

The women in the gallery titter—the nervous laughter of victims. The men laugh heartily, not suspecting that they are about to get theirs. Hahn, equipped with a pliable face that twists into every passion known to amateur golfers, makes a fortune showing the duf-

continued





fer precisely what a tortured soul he is.

"The most popular grip in use in the world today," Hahn now says, taking his stance over a ball, "is the overlapping, or Vardon, grip. You hold back the little finger of the right hand, overlap the forefinger of the left, close your right palm over your left thumb, and you have it—*the most miserable feeling you've ever experienced.*" Poised to swing, Hahn is the duffer striving to remember all he's been taught. "Keep the left arm straight," he mutters to himself. The cartilage in his ribs threatens to rip as he struggles into his backswing. "I'll keep it straight if it kills me," he growls. Hitting a pop-fly drive that won't carry 100 yards, Hahn hops forward in alarm, goggle-eyed with disbelief, his lips crying, "Ohhhh, no! *Roll. Roll.*"

In due time practically the entire spectrum of country-club life feels the tip of Hahn's needle—from members who teach members ("the blind leading the blind") to the hedonistic business executive "who leaves an air-conditioned office, gets into an air-conditioned car and drives to an air-conditioned club to take a steam bath." Hahn's grasp of commentary and satire is the appurtenance that lifts his act a flight above those of other trick-shot artists, but it is his trick shots, of course, that the Miamians have come to see. As he slips into the second phase of his performance there is not a jaw in the gallery that does not go slack.

Hahn drives straight down the middle, more than 200 yards—rather a difficult accomplishment, because he has teed off while resting on both knees. "A golf club travels 140 miles an hour in the downswing," he points out, leading up to the rhetorical question: Isn't it a waste of time to pick the grass clean of twigs and otherwise clean up around the ball lest the smallest foreign object create havoc with one's swing? He hits another picturesque drive, after having covered his ball with the classified section of the morning paper, blasting unerringly through Male Help Wanted.

Somewhere in Hahn's gallery there is bound to be a golfer who is convinced that his club pro has saddled him with five strokes by fitting him with shafts that are a smidgen too long. What, then, is Hahn up to now? He has that 6' 1" driver in his hands. He spreads his feet wide, like a hammer thrower, and whirls the monster club overhead—and then clubs the ball a distance of 300 yards, where it comes to rest in the center of the fairway. "Oh, that straight ball," he sighs with mock disgust. "I can't get rid of it—been fighting it for weeks." By the time Hahn's act is finished he has exposed just about every plausible excuse that man has invented for lousing up a golf shot.

"Human frailties are so manifest on a golf course," he later declares, having sprawled out in a contour chair in the den of his townhouse. Not exactly dressed for philosophy, Hahn wears a one-piece parachutist's jump suit made of scarlet velour, a polka-dot ascot at his throat. "People think the few good shots they hit are indicative of their game and the many poor ones are bad luck," he says. "I see this. I observe it constantly. And that's exactly where I get the satire for my show."

Hahn may not make as much money as Arnold Palmer (which is to say, the twin-engine Piper Comanche he pilots from exhibition to exhibition is not Palmer's Jet Commander), yet, while never leaving the tee, he has found a way to gross six figures annually from golf, remaining serenely free of the paranoia, ulcers and clammy palms that afflict the tournament pros. At country clubs and driving ranges spectators pay up to $5 a head to see his act, and the house usually clears a worthwhile profit after paying his fee. Besides getting $1,000 for an outdoor exhibition, Hahn charges $500 to perform indoors (say, at a sports equipment show), where he uses a net to catch his shots. He has played to as many as 8,000 spectators massed on a hillside at the Masters and has commanded his customary fee when entertaining as few as 200 business executives at conventions. For an additional $500, Hahn will stick around to deliver an after-dinner talk. Years ago he was an unknown golfer on the pro tour. His total winnings were, he admits, "not enough to mark my ball." Today, 17 years and 17 Cadillacs since he became a trick-shot artist, his only problem is too much business. His outdoor price used to be $500, but he doubled it this year to discourage bookings. It hasn't discouraged them at all.

Although a total of 16 trick-shot artists crisscross the country today, Hahn is the only one clearly possessing greater prestige than your country club's headwaiter. Many of them pass the hat. Some in the business have traveled under gamy monikers—for example, Count Yogi and Mysterious Montague—and others have been known to set up local yokels for a fast hustle. Hahn, on the other hand, holds Class A membership in the PGA and frequently is invited to preside over seminars at sectional meetings of club pros. He performs quiet acts of generosity toward needy caddies and young golfers. Conscious of the fact that trick-shot artists are apt to be lumped into a category with oil-stock salesmen and gypsy fortune tellers, Hahn rarely wagers more than a $1 nassau with friends, and he gambles with strangers only when goaded—as he was by Doug Sanders one long-ago day at Daytona Beach.

On that occasion Hahn was about to tee off with his brother, Dr. Stanley Hahn, one of two Baptist ministers in the family, when two members of the University of Florida golf team—Sanders was one, and future tournament pro Dave Ragan was the other—recognized him. They asked to join the round.

"Glad to have you," Hahn answered.

"How about a little wager between you and me?" Sanders said to Hahn.

"I'd rather not, son, I wouldn't feel right if I took your money."

"Oh, come on," Sanders persisted. "Just a little friendly action to make things interesting.'

"All right, I'll bet you a dollar."

"Let's make it $10, *Mister* Hahn." Sanders' voice had taken on a sarcastic inflection.

"I don't bet that kind of money," Hahn said.

"You scared?"

"No, but I'll play you a $2 nassau."

Sanders agreed. As good as his talk, he proceeded to fire a 67, winning the nassau plus a $2 press. "Son, you've made $8," Hahn said. "I'd like to help you make it $88, just so you won't feel you've wasted your day."

"Whatcha got in mind, *Mister* Hahn?"

"A little driving contest. I have my bag of trick clubs and trick tees in my car. You'll use the same clubs and tees I use, but I'll spot you 50 yards on every drive and lay you 10 to 1. We'll hit eight balls."

Sanders could not resist what seemed an easy mark. At 10 to 1 he had only to outdrive Hahn once to come out ahead. He appeared supremely confident, even as he studied Hahn's set of outsized and collapsible clubs and the graduated

continued



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McCook Chief Motel
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Omaha New Tower Hotel Courts

NEVADA
Carson City City Center Motel
Las Vegas Thunderbird Motel
Reno Ponderosa Hotel

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Concord Concord Coach Motor Inn
Hanover Hanover Inn
Keene Valley Green Motel
Nashua Berkshire Country Inn

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City Empress Motel
Avalon The Whitebrier
Newark Military Park Motel
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Roswell El Rancho Palacio
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Fort Worth Green Oaks Inn
Fort Worth Western Hills Hotel
Graham Gateway Inn
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Houston Coronado Motor Hotel
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Says Hahn today. "I employed eight different shots, and one by one I went through Doug Sanders. We're the closest of friends now, but the lesson he learned from me was never bet another man's game."

Hahn, as it happens, was a long time learning which game was his—in fact, before becoming a trick-shot artist, he spent 16 years at a variety of occupations that totaled up to a status just this side of vagrancy. His mother, divorced when he was 6, ran a rooming house in Charleston, S.C. during the Depression, her heart set on Paul growing up to become a man of the cloth. Alas, he learned few Psalms shooting craps and dealing blackjack in the caddie yard at Charleston Municipal Course. After Hahn won the city high school golf championship at 15, he quit school, itching to give the world two strokes and wrestle it into submission. He hopped a freight train and set out to find his niche. Even as a caddie he had amused himself by hitting golf balls one-handed and driving two balls with a single swing, but as yet he had no notion that people would pay to watch his stunts.

Through the late 1930s and '40s Hahn wandered. He hoxed, drove taxis and led sightseeing tours. The Walgreen drugstore chain probably is not aware that it more or less sponsored him on a golf tour of sorts. Bouncing around the South, Hahn hustled lessons to customers on driving ranges and public courses, but principally managed to pay his rent by working as a short-order cook at the nearest Walgreen pharmacy. This was excellent training, he believes, for a man destined to make his fortune with deft hands. "In Augusta, Ga.," he remembers, "Walgreen's had a breakfast special—two eggs, bacon, grits, toast and coffee, all for 19¢. That special went over so big that I used to fry 45 dozen eggs every morning." Even today, he cannot crack an egg without executing a hipper-dipper flourish.

In 1941, when Hahn married a brown-haired Charleston girl, Bobbie Bryan, he had to pawn his golf clubs in Jacksonville in order for them to complete their honeymoon trip to Miami. Entering World War II, he rose to lieutenant commander aboard a hospital ship, and on one voyage safely carried 400 pregnant WACs home from England. Later he became a disc jockey, a sign manufacturer and a chef, among other things.

"I had a gypsy restlessness in me," Hahn says. "I was the black sheep in the family, the wastrel. When you mentioned Paul, they'd tisk, tisk. Now, of course, they're very proud of me." Just as his hands compulsively seek the ornate gesture, Hahn's tongue savors a verbal curlicue. Brushing a speck of lint off a $125 blazer, he cries, "Oh, the vicissitudes of fortune!"

As a golfer, Hahn found work now and then as a club pro or assistant pro and briefly in 1947 and '48 tried the pro tour. But he arrived at a withering view of himself: though his game showed signs of brilliance, Paul Hahn was a born loser.

At one tournament, the Hawaiian Open in Honolulu, he partied all night and then shot a 69 the first day for a first-place tie with Lloyd Mangrum. "I'd gone out on that course not knowing whether I was on foot or on horseback," Hahn recalls. His 69 sobered him. "That night I went to bed early. The next morning I ate a good breakfast and hit just the right number of practice balls before stepping up to the first tee." The starter gave him a generous introduction, and the gallery applauded enthusiastically. Hahn then hit a gigantic slice into the Pacific Ocean.

Well, he ruminated, doesn't every new man on the tour succumb to pressure? Perhaps so, but Hahn began to wonder if his dramatic failure had not been symptomatic of a fatal pattern.

"At the Greensboro Open a little later, I was playing a very respectable round," he goes on, "but I found myself repeatedly putting right to the edge of the cup. That night at my hotel I concluded that I wasn't really a competitor — that instead I was attuned to audience response. You see, you can get a very big Ohhhh! by just missing. I found myself subconsciously, yet deliberately, putting for *close* rather than *in*. You know, there are people born to lose—people who feel better because they lost. That was exactly the case with me. Perhaps it was a compulsion to get sympathy from the audience."

Hahn made the cut at Greensboro but dropped out of the tournament and forswore the pro circuit.

Soon after, he began to consider a trick-shot career. Employed as an assistant pro at Glen Oak Country Club in suburban Chicago, Hahn discovered his ability to amuse a crowd. "I used to clown around on the practice tee with goofy swings—one-legged swings, whirling-dervish swings, that sort of thing," he says. "I found I could collect an audience, and, when I'd mention the names of the prominent members, they'd later

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slip me a 10 or a 20." Nevertheless, like many a virtuoso before him, Hahn required a moment of angry passion to declare for his art. It happened two years later, in 1950, when he was head pro at a club owned by *nouveau riche* Californians in the San Joaquin Valley.

Hahn had been hired after having created a stir by shooting two straight rounds of 64 in a nearby town where he was working as a restaurant chef. In his first year at the club he cleared $14,000 hustling lessons and merchandise, but he received neither a salary nor a guarantee. His wife Bobbie, usually good-natured despite their nomadic existence, grew unhappy. "The club wouldn't even let us put a Coke machine in the pro shop or sell cigarettes," she says. The president's wife treated her briskly. Hahn, fed up, at last demanded a salary —only $200 a month. When the board turned him down flat he bought a trailer and struck out on a trick-shot exhibition tour. "I figured if I could take in $170 a week I could make it," he says.

At his first show, in Riverside, Calif., a gallery consisting of two persons turned out. One of them was a local sportswriter, which reduced the paid attendance to one. "Oh, I died a thousand deaths that day," Hahn remembers. Adhering to a canon of show business, he went through with his one-hour performance, much to the embarrassment of both himself and his audience.

"I hitched up my trailer," Hahn says, "and went on to my next show at El Centro, where I appeared at a driving range at night. The temperature must have been under 30°. I had a $50 guarantee plus half the gate. Twelve people showed up. I froze my butt off. But the next day, at Yuma, Ariz., 150 people turned out and I got about $175." Working coast to coast and border to border four times his first year, Hahn gave 320 exhibitions and grossed more than $50,000.

He wore loud colors and outsized caps and generally played the clown. "How trite!" he exclaims today. "What gall I had to foist this trite buffoonery on the public!" Still, that first year he stumbled upon a daring shot that worked wonders for his box-office appeal.

In McMinnville, Ore. a newspaper photographer—doubtless the type that encourages suicide leaps for the sake of an action photo—said to Hahn, "What can you do for an unusual picture?"

"Anything," Hahn answered. "You name it."

"Hit a ball out of a guy's mouth," the photographer suggested.

Hahn swallowed hard but rounded up a game volunteer, instructing him to lie on his back. Hahn placed a tee in the man's mouth, then drew a deep breath, and cleanly hit a five-iron. Thus was the William Tell shot born. Hahn drafted wife Bobbie to serve as his assistant. "She wasn't crazy about the idea," he says, "but she wasn't crazy about not eating, either." The William Tell, as the hallmark of Hahn's act, catapulted him and his wife to caviar. He has performed the shot more than 2,000 times, never missing the ball, though on one occasion he hit more than just the ball. In 1962 he employed a pretty young actress to serve as his assistant for a series of performances at an auto show in Detroit. The first day she allowed the ball to trickle off the tee and roll onto her cheekbone as Hahn whipped into his downswing too late to halt the club. It grazed the actress' cheekbone. For a month she was equipped to audition only for Tareyton cigarette commercials.

Actually, since 1960, two years before the Detroit mishap, Hahn has performed the William Tell only rarely, having dropped it from his regular routine. Ben Hogan, among others, helped convince him he no longer needed it to attract crowds. "Besides," Hogan told him, "you're going to miss that shot someday and wreck your career as well as your wife." Lloyds of London gave Hahn still another reason for dispensing with the shot. Lloyds canceled insurance on Bobbie after reviewing the policy and concluding that she would be a poor risk if her husband ever tired of her. He was, after all, the beneficiary in the policy.

In the 17 years since Hahn quit his California pro shop in a pique, he has performed in 41 nations on six continents—most recently at the Alcan at St. Andrews (SI, Oct. 16)—pausing only once to wonder if he ought to settle down in one place. Six years after he left the San Joaquin Valley he received a tempting proposition from the very club that had refused to let him sell Cokes and cigarettes. The club was drifting, and Hahn had become a figure in golf circles, appearing in the movies and on network television. "The club needed a peg, it needed drive," he says. "So the members voted to *give* me the club. That's right—all they wanted was for me to promote the club and they would give me all the physical property. Imagine! A free country club!

"What's more," Hahn says, "the layout wasn't had at all—a watered course with a swimming pool. My wife said to me, 'Do you want a headache?' I said, 'No.' So she said, 'Then you don't want the club.'"

Working short hours and circulating in the best of country-club society, Hahn has grossed upward of $1 million during his 17-year career—a fact that has not been lost on a certain young man of 25 who at the moment of this writing probably is out practicing one-handed two-irons blindfolded. "He has every shot I have, and more," Hahn says. He is speaking of Jim Hahn, his son. "One of these days he'll go on the road as Paul Hahn Jr. But he's not quite ready now. He's not yet as glib, not as articulate, as the old man. You've got to have the patter. My tongue is what made my fortune."

Indeed, it was Hahn's tongue, not his clubs, that stood by him and saved the day at the crucial junction of his career. At the 1953 Masters he stood before a crowd of thousands. Past champions of the Masters, decked out in their green blazers, sat regally in a row of folding chairs around the tee. Hahn was petrified. He was the only trick-shot artist ever to have been invited to appear at the Masters, and, like a baritone making his debut at the Met, he would either disgrace himself or continue on to riches. He took a five-iron from his bag and, hands trembling, began his warmup swings.

With his first swing he shanked. He lay down another ball and shanked again. His third attempt was still another shank. The silence around him was crushing. "Ladies and gentlemen," Hahn piped, turning to the crowd, "The most difficult shot in golf—the intentional shank!"

Hahn played the Masters four years running, declining a fifth invitation lest he bore Augusta. He has performed at 10 PGA Championships around the country, and at least once at every major American golf tournament. Even an Arnold Palmer must envy a golfer who owns a plane, a new Cadillac every year and a home across the fairway from Jackie Gleason's without ever having had to putt. **END**

A team that is loved with a purple passion

With a gush of purple blazers, purple speeches, purple pride and purple prose, Kansas State's Vince Gibson has projected a new image for his team—one that may even survive the Wildcats' 46–7 loss to Oklahoma

To be sure, the particular Manhattan (pop. 23,000) where Kansas State University is located has an atmosphere of bucolic prairie contentment that is positively 19th century compared to that other Manhattan (pop. 1,500,000) and, admittedly, the majority of K-State's 12,000 students would agree with the campus leader who said, "Most of us here are farm kids, and we don't go off on many toots."

But the Swinging Sixties have by no means bypassed K-State. Now and then when there is an ROTC review, 30 or 40 campus angries will picket about Vietnam. Medium miniskirts are plentiful, and it is possible to find kids who say they enjoy smoking marijuana, which grows all over the campus. And the toots they go off on at K-State? Well, they can be absolutely pseudopsychedelic.

Take the night of Sept. 23, 1967. In pink flashing arcs from state police car dome lights, 8,000 people, most of them wearing garments colored an outlandish purple, raced onto the runway of the Manhattan Municipal Airport. The crowd was howling in unison: "Purple Power. Purple Power." Most wore big white buttons stamped with a single purple word: "Pride." A plane landed and the crowd surged up to it almost before the wheels stopped rolling and yelled: "We got pride! We got pride!" Out into the sea of purple people stepped the Kansas State football team and its coach, Vince Gibson, who only beamed modestly when somebody shrieked: "Vince walks on water!"

The scene was pure electric grape.

The stimulant behind this was one that will never be isolated in a lab or sold as trip juice. All that had happened was Kansas State had beaten Colorado State University 17-7 in Fort Collins that afternoon, thereby qualifying as this year's example of new coach, new attitude, new-mood football madness—and never mind if the team never wins again.

For years K-State football has been too dim to believe. In the late '40s the team lost 28 straight, won one from Arkansas State College, lost seven, beat that well-known gridiron power Fort Hays State, lost eight, won from Baker University, then played 19 without a win. After a respectable 7-3 season in 1954, 13 years were spent compiling a 21-94-2 record, which bottomed out in 1966 in the bowels of a winless trench 21 games deep. The last coach to preside over this shambles was Doug Weaver, a scholarly gentleman who quit last year after seven humbling seasons to enroll as a student in the University of Kansas law school.

Then last winter came Vince Gibson, 33, an Alabama-born fireball shaped like a fireplug, who decided—if reluctantly—to try K-State's head coaching job after seven years of assistant coaching at Florida State and Tennessee. Gibson has a reputation for being a sound football coach. He also has the guts of a steeplejack, the shameless flamboyance of a P. T. Barnum and the pow'fulest drawl this side of Pappy Yokum. "Ah tole 'em Ah wouldn't come to Kansas 'less they gimme the he'p Ah hadda have. Ah said, 'We gonna win, we gonna win games' but Ah hadda have what Ah asked foah."

Among other things, Gibson asked foah an $800,000 athletic dormitory (with pool, sauna and a phone in every room) and a new stadium. The dormitory was finished in less than five months ("Man, they started diggin' befoah the blueprints were even done"). And bulldozers are already scraping ground for the long-discussed $1.6 million stadium. Gibson also renovated the locker room, which quite understandably had the aura and appearance of a dungeon after witnessing so much futility. It is now freshly painted, piped with stereo and carpeted purple wall to wall. It is also papered with signs—a basic Gibson gimmick. There are be-nasty signs ("Gang tackling is the trademark of the Wildcats"), philosophical signs ("Luck is when preparation meets opportunity.") and folksy-coach signs ("Show me a good loser and I'll show you a *loser*").

The sign Gibson likes best is just plain "Pride." He put it in foot-high letters over the practice field and he had hundreds of buttons made. "They didn't have pride," he says. "Not the team, not kids, not alums, not anyone. How could they attah what they had been through? Ah jes tole 'em atta time, have



NOW EVEN WILLIE WILDCAT LOOKS WILD

prahd and we gonna win some games."

Gibson saturated Kansas with the message. He wangled three weekly television shows, and he made dozens of speeches, 54 of them in one month alone.

"They'd come out in good crowds to see me talk an' Ah asked a man once in some little place in the tail end of Kansas how come so many come. He told me, 'They wanna git a look at the nut who thinks K-State evah gonna win.'"

Purple pride has blossomed all over Kansas, but it flourishes best in Manhattan, of course. Department stores there feature purple dresses in window displays. One dry cleaner began returning freshly cleaned suits with a purple-and-white handkerchief in the breast pocket. Gibson even convinced one haberdasher to risk $4,000 by ordering 20 dozen incredibly purple blazers with a KSU emblem on the pocket. Since purple sport coats are not big with most men and since it is a color notorious for fading to odd hues, the clothier had to get bolts especially dyed and cut to order. So far he has sold more than 200 blazers at $30 apiece.

In trying to eradicate the "defeatist attitude" on K-State's campus, Gibson went to more uncommon extremes. When K-State's sports publicist, Dev Nelson, prepared the team brochure, he listed one position as "weak-side linebacker," a familiar enough term. Gibson censored it on the grounds that "weak" was no word for Wildcats; the position is now called "backside linebacker," a perhaps questionable improvement. Gibson also demanded a redesign of the oversized head worn by Willie Wildcat, K-State's sideline mascot. For years it had resembled a moronic Mickey Mouse; now it has fangs.

Of course, this was all so much grape juice until September 23 and the Colorado State victory. But since then the magnificent purple fog spun by Vince Gibson has hung on and on. K-State lost its next game to a good VPI team 15–3, but the Wildcats played well and there was pride aplenty. Next came Nebraska, a team ranked in the Top Ten. Incredibly, valiant underdog Kansas State held a 14–13 lead on a muddy, wind-swept field until, with just 71 seconds to play, the Nebraska kicker, who had missed twice before that day, lofted a desperate field-goal try into the wind from the 31-yard line. Gibson swears the ball was sailing a foot outside the goal posts when a gust caught it and blew it in for a 16–14 Cornhusker victory. The K-State campus was ecstatic in defeat, and the next week, against Iowa State, K-State was favored to win a game for the first time in almost anybody's memory. Instead, the Wildcats pussyfooted to a 17–0 defeat, but that still was no reason to hang up the purple coat, even though the catty word in some faculty circles was "Pride has died."

Last Saturday in its homecoming game against Oklahoma the new K-State spirit faced its severest test. If the Wildcats could lose to Oklahoma by just a little the season would be a success, for of all the sorry statistics in K-State football volumes, none comes close to matching the lopsided tragedy of the Oklahoma-Kansas State series.

It was as if Ethiopia went to war against Italy once a year. Before last week's game K-State had not won since 1934, the year Lynn Waldorf was the Wildcat coach, Alf Landon was still a rising Republican politician and Vince Gibson was born. There was a tie in 1936, but since then K-State had lost 30 in a row—and if those games had been played end to end the score would have been Oklahoma 1,081, Kansas State 90.

Nevertheless many K-Staters were in a water-walking mood before last Saturday's game. In the glow of a pep-rally bonfire, they listened eagerly to a cautious Vince Gibson. "Now, Ah said we gonna win some. Ah also said we gonna lose some." The crowd roared back at him, "We gonna win! We gonna win!"

In the dressing room before the kickoff Gibson had the team kneel on the purple carpeting while he prayed aloud. Then, in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Prahd can win. Let's show 'em that." The players leaped to the door with cries of "Pride, baby. Pride."

Unfortunately this was a day when pride precedeth a fall. Oklahoma has not been touted a great deal this year, even though it soundly whipped Washington State and Maryland before losing, but barely, to a good Texas team. All along, the Sooners have shown surprising strength, particularly considering the death from a heart attack last May of their popular young (38) coach, Jim Mackenzie. Assistant Coach Chuck Fairbanks took over at that difficult time, and just how well he has done was all too apparent against K-State.

K-State kicked off, and its defense, which had performed well in the first four games, looked stubborn enough to cramp Oklahoma's rugged offense. It took Oklahoma 15 plays and nearly eight minutes to score. But the Sooners never did give up the ball on that grinding drive, and even a grim K-State goal-line stand that forced Oklahoma to use four plays from the three-yard line for the touchdown proved to be no more than temporary heroism. Indeed, Fairbanks' team looked suspiciously like the legendary Sooner teams of the '50s. Quarterback Bob Warmack, a lanky junior, displayed a mastery at faking that left the K-State defense groping helplessly again and again. He passed well and ran well, too, when not giving the ball to two classy tailbacks, senior Ron Shotts and sophomore Steve Owens. Vince Gibson's kids could salvage only a scintilla of pride by putting on one 80-yard scoring drive in the fourth quarter as K-State lost 46–7.

So now the 33-year Oklahoma-Kansas State total is 1,127 to 97. This may not seem a great improvement over the situation a year ago, but the thing to remember as you buy your purple blazer is that Vince Gibson has wrought some remarkable changes in a very short time. And who knows? Where there is one electric grape there just may be a bunch someday.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (4-1) 2. PENN STATE (3-2) 3. NAVY (3-2)

Navy and William and Mary are not scheduled to play each other again for at least eight years, and as far as Navy Coach Bill Elias is concerned you can make that 80 years. Just when Elias thought his Middies had the Indians soundly beaten 16-0 and visions of a national ranking began to intrude on his thoughts, William and Mary Quarterback Dan Darragh launched the torpedoes. On the final play of the third quarter he scored on a quarterback sneak. Then, in the last five minutes of the game, he threw scoring passes to Jim Cavanaugh and Steve Slotnick, and Tailback Terry Morton plunged over from the two for a 27–16 upset.

Army did not have quite that much trouble, but with Quarterback Steve Lindell

continued

unable to play because he had added a sprained ankle to his ulcer miseries, the Cadets had to struggle to hold off Rutgers 14-3. The Scarlet bruised a few egos with its running game, but Rutgers' passing was too skimpy, and Army Fullback Chuck Jarvis' two touchdowns, one on a 34-yard sweep, were enough to win.

Syracuse and Penn State, building up to their meeting next Saturday, played it cozy. Against California, Syracuse gave the ball to Larry Csonka 35 times, and the pounding back went 204 yards and scored three touchdowns, the last one coming on a 22-yard pass from Quarterback Rick Cassata, as Syracuse won 20-14. Once Tailback Charlie Pittman got Penn State safely ahead of West Virginia with an 83-yard kickoff return, the Lions put away their tricks and settled for a 21-14 victory that showed Syracuse scouts as little as possible.

Pitt's elation over beating Wisconsin last week proved short-lived when Miami, having found its offense, crushed the Panthers 58-0. Boston College lost again, to Buffalo 26-14, but Holy Cross rallied to overtake Boston U. 21-17 in the last quarter.

The Ivy League is now ready for its big showdown of unbeatens—Harvard vs. Dartmouth Saturday at Cambridge. Harvard, playing defense diligently, edged Cornell 14-12, while Dartmouth, against less stern opposition, buried Brown 41-6. Yale was still undefeated in Ivy League competition after taking Columbia 21-7. Princeton battered independent Colgate 28-0, but Penn blew a 27-14 lead and lost to Bucknell 28-27.

THE SOUTH 1. TENNESSEE (3-1) 2. GEORGIA (4-1) 3. N. CAROLINA STATE (6-0)

Those who think Tennessee's 24-13 victory over Alabama (*page 12*) automatically gives the Vols the SEC championship can get an argument in Baton Rouge, Athens, Ga., University, Miss. and even Auburn, Ala. LSU prepared for its game against Tennessee next Saturday by beating Kentucky 30-7. Georgia tuned up its offense for the race ahead by trouncing VMI 56-6, while Mississippi eased past Southern Mississippi 23-14.

Auburn shaped up as a contender, too, by beating Georgia Tech 28-10 in a game that suggested how important a quarterback can be. Tech Coach Bud Carson had starter Kim King and backup-man Larry Good on the bench with injuries, and before the game was over he lost two more signal-callers. "I think I must be having a bad dream," said Carson. "Then I realize it's not a dream. It's a nightmare."

With Halfback Warren McVea sitting it out because of an injury, Houston turned to defense—absurd as it sounds—to beat Mississippi State with interceptions and punt returns 43-16. Unbeaten North Carolina State got unexpected resistance from Wake Forest, but three field goals by Gerald Warren and Safety Fred Combs's 71-yard punt return earned the Wolfpack their sixth straight, 24-7. South Carolina kept pace with State at the top of the ACC standings. While Coach Paul Dietzel, who had a knee operation last week after a practice-field injury, got around in a golf cart, his Gamecocks edged Virginia 24-23 on Jimmy Poole's 45-yard field goal. Clemson, back in the more peaceful ACC after unhappily consorting with SEC teams two of the past three weeks, overtook Duke 13-7 on Buddy Gore's two nine-yard touchdown runs. How was it, getting out of the SEC and back home? "Well," said Coach Frank Howard, "the SEC gets dedicated football players; the ACC gets dedicated students."

Virginia Tech won its sixth game by beating Richmond 45-14 as Big George Constantinides ran for four touchdowns. Florida State kept the ball in the air all day against Texas Tech while winning 28-12, and the Air Force got it in the air one time when it really mattered as Dennis Leutheiser's 30-yard field goal in the last minute beat Tulane 10-7.

THE MIDWEST 1. COLORADO (5-0) 2. PURDUE (4-1) 3. MINNESOTA (4-1)

When Oregon State Coach Dee Andros, an easygoing, pudgy 250-pounder, turned up at Purdue wearing his usual orange blazer, orange socks and orange-and-black shoes, everybody naturally figured this was just to get folks to overlook his team's shortcomings. His Beavers had lost to Washington and Brigham Young and hardly had any chance against the esteemed Boilermakers. Not even when Quarterback Steve Preece lobbed an 18-yard touchdown pass to Roger Cantlon to give DSU a 7-0 lead in the first quarter was there any fright in the Purdue stands. And sure enough, Purdue's Mike Phipps began flipping passes to Jim Beirne (he caught six). Leroy Keyes swept the ends for two scores and soon the Boilermakers led 14-10. But that proved to be Purdue's last hurrah. Mike Haggard kicked his second field goal for Oregon State and, after a fumble recovery, Fullback Bill Enyart ran most of the 30 yards left to score from the four. When Haggard kicked another field goal Purdue had its first defeat, 22-14.

Throughout Minneapolis last week, Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath was being held in disrepute for planning to start Curt Wilson, last year's good-run, no-pass quarterback, against Michigan State. Actually, what Warmath had in mind was loosening up the favored Spartans with a few early passes and then going after them with a running game. But Wilson had learned how to pass, and he made a genius of Warmath as he completed 14 of 25 for 262 yards. He threw to Chip Litten and Hubie Bryant for three touchdowns, and the Gophers, who forgot all about the running game, shocked MSU 21-0. "They've been playing guessing games around here all season about our quarterback," said Warmath. "I think it's over now."

It was not over for Indiana—yet. The Hoosiers gave Michigan the tying touchdown when Quarterback John Isenbarger fumbled on his own 15 after a typical Indiana gamble, a fourth-down run from a kick formation. But still they won, as Isenbarger took Indiana 80 yards and plunged over from the one with 1:10 to go to give the Hoosiers a 27-20 victory. Ohio State managed a 6-2 win over Northwestern, while Notre Dame had no mercy against Illinois, clobbering the Illini 47-7.

Colorado's Eddie Crowder had Nebraska Quarterback Frank Patrick pegged right. "He has extraordinary talent but is inconsistent," said Crowder. He was, too, against the Buffs. Patrick completed 14 passes for 191 yards, but he also threw four interceptions. Colorado's Dick Anderson got one and lateraled it off to End Mike Veeder for a 62-yard touchdown run, and Jeff Raymond grabbed another and ran it back 76 yards. All this helped the undefeated Buffs win 21-16.

Suddenly there was a newcomer in the Mid-American race. Toledo, doing well under Coach Frank Lauterbur, surprised Western Michigan 35-9 for its fourth straight win and moved into a three-way tie for first with the Broncos and Miami of Ohio, which defeated Ohio U. 22-15.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (4-1) 2. TEXAS (3-2) 3. RICE (3-1)

Somehow things were not as usual when Texas and Arkansas got together in Little Rock for their annual hoedown. The two teams were not fighting for the national championship, or even for the Southwest Conference lead, just survival. But Texas Halfback Chris Gilbert turned the game into a personal bonanza when he carried 38 times for 166 yards and scored three times as the Longhorns won 21-12. "You need a net to catch him," said Arkansas Guard David Cooper admiringly. "It's like trying to take a rabbit." One thing the toughest rabbit in the Southwest achieved was to get Royal back to a point where his team still has some kind of chance for the conference title.

As if TCU's season has not been dark enough, a burned-out transformer blew most of the lights in Fort Worth's Amon Carter Stadium just a few minutes before the Frogs were to play Texas A&M. It was black everywhere but on the field, where TCU would have welcomed less exposure. Led by Linebacker Billy Hobbs's 100-yard pass interception, A&M drubbed the poor Frogs 20-0. But everything was bright and

continued

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shiny for Rice in Houston. The Owls came from behind to beat SMU 14–10 and take the SWC lead on Tailback Terry Shelton's 42-yard touchdown run in the third quarter.

Brigham Young's three passing quarterbacks were overmatched against the University of Texas at El Paso, which needed only one passer, Billy Stevens, who threw for six touchdowns, four of them to Flanker Volley Murphy, as UTEP won 47–17.

THE WEST 1. USC (6-0) 2. UCLA (6-0) 3. WYOMING (6-0)

USC Coach John McKay had worried all week about taking his No. 1-ranked team to Seattle to play Washington. "Jimmy [Owens] always gives us trouble up there," said McKay apprehensively. The trouble Husky Coach Owens evolved this time was a tough defense that stopped every Trojan except O. J. Simpson. But that is not defense enough. O. J. ran 86 yards for one touchdown, got another on a 10-yard sweep and threw a 17-yard pass to Split End Earl McCullouch for a third as USC broke open a bruising 7–6 battle and won 23–6.

Undefeated UCLA, meanwhile, was having its problems in Palo Alto. Determined Stanford, with little Quarterback Chuck Williams taking unusual passing liberties against UCLA's rather short secondary, did everything to the embattled Bruins but beat them. And once again it was Gary Beban who bailed out UCLA. Twice he fooled the Indians by hiding the ball so well on rollouts that not even his own teammates knew who had it. Beban ran 11 and four yards for touchdowns, and the Bruins prevailed 21–16. After eight straight losses Oregon found a clay pigeon in Idaho, whom they beat 31–6. Washington State, however, stepped into Oregon's losing role as it dropped its eighth in a row, to Arizona State 31–20.

Unbeaten Wyoming, stung by a Wichita State touchdown pass on the Shockers' first play, recovered to win 30–7 as Jerry DePoyster kicked his 27th field goal, tying Charlie Gogolak's NCAA career record. Utah remained in the Western AC race by outscoring Arizona 33–29, while New Mexico lost to San Jose State 52–14. END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: USC Tailback O. J. Simpson, the country's leading runner, took advantage of his tremendous speed as he ran 30 times for 235 yards and accounted for all three touchdowns in the Trojans' 23–6 win over Washington.

THE LINEMAN: Toledo Linebacker Paul Elzey, a former Mid-American wrestling champion, wrecked Western Michigan by being in on 18 tackles and setting up two scores with a pair of interceptions and a fumble recovery.

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NEW YORK LIFE

It was winners weepers for the Cards' **Bob Gibson** (*below*) by the end of the week after the Series. Gibson came home to Omaha to be named honorary governor by Governor **Norbert Tiemann** and honorary mayor by Mayor **A. V. Sorensen**. Gibson acted briskly in both of these capacities, saying, "I hereby repeal the state sales tax and declare an open-housing law in Omaha." A crowd of 1,500 turned up for a chamber of commerce luncheon—the largest such luncheon ever held—and Mayor Sorensen commented upon Gibson's work in the ghetto area of the city. "Omaha, which had a bad riot in the summer of '66, didn't have a riot last summer," he said. "I give some measure of the credit to Bob." Gibson took this composedly, but when he visited his old grade school in that same poor area, a little girl called out, "Bob, we love you." Gibson wept.

The sensation of Australian Jockey **Bill Pyers'** victory in France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe (SI, Oct. 16) was clouded almost at once by a sensation of quite another sort. Pyers had scarcely had time to savor his triumph before he was jailed on



charges arising from a year-old traffic accident, and "clouded" is certainly the word for the whole mess at the moment. In July 1966 Pyers collided with a Mme. Géraud de Seguin, and the two of them went off to the police station. Mme. Géraud de Seguin did not appear to be hurt, and admits that "it was only afterward that I learned my head had been injured." The charges which landed Pyers in jail have to do with a failure to appear at a subsequent hearing, as a result of which he was sentenced *in absentia*. Pyers claims that, owing to unfamiliarity with the language, he was unaware that he had been either summoned or sentenced, or that a warrant for his arrest had been issued. He had 10 days in which to appeal; they were up on the Sunday he was engaged in winning the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. There are some murmurs to the effect that Mme. Géraud de Seguin's lawyer has had quite a long time to track the jockey down and did not actually descend full of indignation until after his victory in the Arc. The lady herself has observed that she is glad he won, because "at least he's solvent." The case will not come up for weeks. Pyers will spend the weeks in prison, but a special effort has been made to get him some English books to read. He might better use the occasion to learn to read French.

"Knowledge is of two kinds," Boswell once observed. "We know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information." Field Marshal **Viscount Montgomery**, 79, is a soccer fan and president of the Portsmouth Football Club, but he decided recently that he was short of knowledge, in Boswell's first sense, as regards betting the treble chance in the English football pools. He knew where to find information, though. He simply got in touch with a large pools firm in Liverpool and requested an instructor. The firm obligingly dispatched one of its



senior experts, who traveled 150 miles to Montgomery's home to "unravel the mess he had got himself into with his pools efforts," as an English paper put it. Then, having explained the whole complicated business to Montgomery's satisfaction, the expert turned around and traveled the 150 miles back to Liverpool. If the field marshal places his bets with this same firm and hits for £100,000 it is going to seem somehow ungracious.

The Jewish High Holy Day Yom Kippur occurred shortly after the World Series this year, a fact that presented NBC's **Bill Mazer** with a problem. Mazer has a radio program in New York on which he takes phone calls from the public and discusses their sports questions on the air, and during the time he would be off for the holy days he needed a replacement who knew baseball. He made a sound choice. For two days callers to NBC heard, "Hello. This is **Carl Yastrzemski** substituting for Bill Mazer." Yaz (*above*) was a natural, friendly and poised, and the poise held up through the following exchange with one boy who announced that he had rooted for the Sox. "All season?" "Yeah." "How about next year?" "Yeah." "How about if we're in ninth place?" "No." "Well, at least you're honest," Yastrzemski said cheerfully.

The ad reads, "I will teach you to drive safely up to 150 miles per hour," and it is signed **Curtis Turner**. Now, Curtis Turner is one of the truly tough good old boys, a stock-car racer whose strongest recommendation for his National School of Safe High Performance Driving, based at the Charlotte Motor Speedway in North Carolina, is probably the fact that he's still alive. The North Carolina Highway Patrol would never deny that Curtis is a fine driver, but they had to drop a fly into his driving-school ointment when they lifted his license for doing 80 in a 60-mph zone. It was a safe 80 mph, of course.

Ralph Yarborough attended West Point in 1919 and 1920, departing after two years when it became apparent that a severe hang-up in mathematics was going to harm a possibly brilliant military career. The passage of 47 years having eased the pain, Yarborough recently attended an old grads' reunion in Dallas after the Army-Southern Methodist game, and he was approached by a former classmate who burbled that it was certainly too bad that Ralph had not made it all the way at The Point. "What are you doing these days?" the friend went on to ask. "I am a United States Senator," Yarborough replied. "What are *you* doing?"

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Crowned king of the road

The most glamorous title in auto racing was conferred upon a balding New Zealander, Denis Hulme, who wondered what the fuss was all about

At the end of last Sunday's Mexican Grand Prix every spectator who knew a sparkplug from a distributor—a considerable number—climbed through the barbed wire surrounding the Mexico City autodrome and converged on Jimmy Clark. Clark had just received several thousand *olès* and the victory wreath for winning his 24th Grand Prix, which tied him with an Argentine gentleman named Juan Manuel Fangio for most victories in a career. But two pits down from Clark sat the real winner of the afternoon. Although Denis Hulme had finished more than a lap behind Clark in this last race of the 1967 season, the four points he earned for his third-place finish clinched the most important racing title going: the world driving championship. On his victory lap Clark, who has won the title twice, slowed down enough for Hulme to catch up with him, and as Clark's spidery Lotus and Hulme's Brabham-Repco headed slowly side by side down the autodrome's long main straight, the Scotsman raised his hands in a victory salute to the New Zealander.

Hulme nodded and drove the rest of the victory lap with his boxer chin resting gently on his right hand, not quite sure what to make of it all. Hulme, who is a balding 31 and looks 41, is the most reluctant champion the sport has known. The day before the race he ate breakfast while analyzing himself in the presence of two other people, which is about the maximum number he can tolerate at close quarters.

Hulme said, "A group of psychologists just finished a study of race drivers—what makes them tick and all that—and they came pretty close to me. I think I am straightforward—when I say something I mean it—and I don't like to repeat things. I'm a shy person, quite suspicious of other people. I've only really got two close friends. And as far as other people go, I form an opinion of them by the first words they say to me."

To those who don't know him, this occasionally brings him to the brink of rudeness. During Friday's practice, for example, an eager character rushed up to Hulme and announced, "I'm from UPI." Hulme slowly turned his head. "And what, may I ask, is UPI?"

Fame comes slowly to some men, but in Hulme's case it was thrust on him in one sudden burst this season. Besides his Grand Prix renown, he has won three of the four Canadian-American Challenge Cup races and the Rookie of the Year award for his fourth-place finish in the Indianapolis 500.

Bruce McLaren, like Hulme a New Zealander, whose cars Denny is driving in the Can-Am series and for whom he will drive in the Grand Prix races next year, said, "He's jumped into prominence so suddenly just this year that he still doesn't quite understand why everybody wants to make such a fuss over him. He doesn't care about the famous part of being famous, if you know what I mean. He would just as soon, I think, race in front of an empty grandstand."

Hulme did not disagree. "I really can't get worked up too much about the championship," he said. "I think about it a lot, and since Monte Carlo [where he won his first big victory] I've tried to get more serious about it. It's strange, isn't it? The championship is something everybody wants to win and here I am about to win it, but I was prepared to wait four years for the title. It usually takes that long."

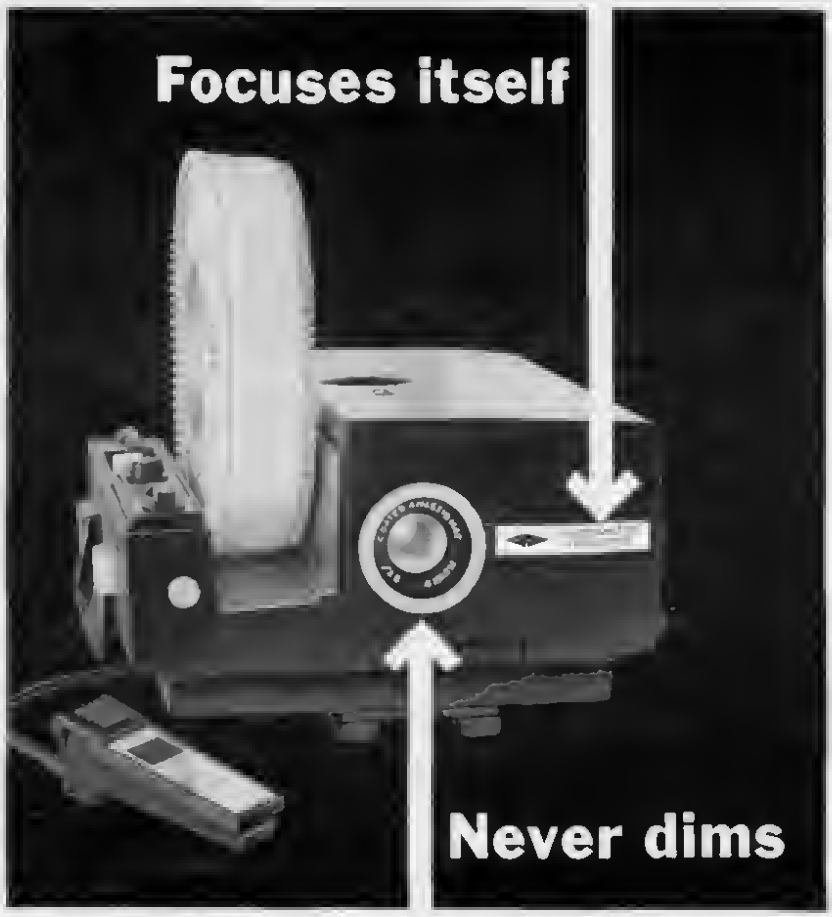
Hulme's driving style is much like his personality. He does not object to charging to the lead, and is so bullishly strong that in a Formula II race last year he broke a spoke on his steering wheel wrestling his car around the circuit. But once he has positioned himself, he is unspectacular.

That is exactly the kind of race he drove Sunday. He went into it leading his boss, Jack Brabham, by five points in the championship race and knew that all he had to do was finish in the top four to win the title. So his strategy was simple: keep Brabham in sight at

continued



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all times, which he did, and thus wound up some distance behind the defending world champion. "Things," he said, "tended to drag out."

Scotland's Jackie Stewart had said, "Hulme doesn't have the fire that great drivers have. Some drivers get mad and go faster; others get mad and go slower. Hulme is sort of in between."

Fire or not, this is only Hulme's second full season in Grand Prix racing and he already has proved himself one of the best. He began driving in his home town of Te Puke (*sic, sic, sic*), New Zealand in huge lorries owned by his father that carried everything from sugar to sheep along severely rutted roads, and got an education in mechanics fixing trucks that broke down in the dead of night in the middle of nowhere. In 1955 he bought an MG, but with little thought of competitive driving. But after running in a series of slalom, sprint and hill-climb events sponsored by a local car club, he was hooked. He graduated to a single-seater Cooper-Climax, and in 1960 won the New Zealand International Grand Prix Association Driver to Europe award, which gave him passage to England, expenses and no firm commitment to drive for anybody. After a series of ups and downs, he went to work for Brabham in 1962. Jack was just beginning to build his own cars, and by 1966 Denny had progressed so rapidly that Brabham gave him the second car in the Brabham-Repco team. Brabham, of course, won the title, and in Formula II Brabham and Hulme took 12 of 13 races in Brahham cars powered by Honda engines. Their cars were far superior to anything else on the road, but Hulme's orders were clear: let the boss take the checkered flag, which he did.

This year, though, things were a bit different. Hulme won the Monaco Grand Prix and the German Grand Prix (over the twisting, vicious Nürburgring) and, including Sunday's race, piled up an impressive number of points, testimony both to the strength of the Brabham-Repco and Hulme's steady driving.

As clouds gathered Sunday afternoon on Popocatepetl, Mexico City's Mount Fuji, Hulme wondered what the folks back at Te Puke thought of him now. "It's just not in their nature to make a big fuss about me," he said. "And, besides, Rugby and horses are more important." **END**

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Ben & Arnie liven up the weekend

Ryder Cup play was predictably unexciting, but the U.S. captain and his star got things moving



CAPTAIN HOGAN SURVEYS THE BATTLE

On Tuesday afternoon there was a whoosh and a roar as Arnold Palmer's Jet Commander swooped low over the Champions Golf Club northwest of Houston. A short while later Palmer was on the practice tee, running through a repertoire of shots, when he learned that he had better start practicing with the smaller British ball for the Ryder Cup matches that were to start on Friday. Orders from nonplaying Captain Ben Hogan. Soon Hogan drove up in a cart, and Palmer asked him if he had an extra box of British balls. "What for?" said Hogan, giving Arnold one of those Hawk looks. "You haven't made the team yet."

That more or less set the tone for the Ryder Cup weekend, that biennial agony of British golf (this year's victory was the 14th for the U.S. in 17 meetings). The steely personality and determination of Ben Hogan, now mellowed a bit by the years, dominated the American victory. The dash and flair of Arnold Palmer provided the color.

Goodness knows, the three days of golf at Houston needed some thrills from somebody. By the end of the first day's Scotch foursome matches, there was little doubt that the outcome would be just about what it turned out to be, U.S. 23½, Great Britain 8½.

Of course, if one looked at it with the utmost charity it could have been said, at the conclusion of Friday's matches, that there had been a modicum of suspense. The team of Tony Jacklin and Dave Thomas, the strongest British pair, had won an easy 4 and 3 victory in the morning over Doug Sanders and Gay Brewer, but this was offset by the 6 and 5 win of Johnny Pott and Bobby Nichols in their match. Bill Casper and Julius Boros played all even with Brian Huggett and George Will.

That left the morning's deciding match to Palmer and his partner, Gardner Dickinson. They were playing nip and tuck with the experienced British combination of Christy O'Connor, who is really an Irishman, and Peter Alliss. At the 15th hole, when the match could have gone either way, Dickinson hooked his drive into the trees, and it was Palmer's job to extricate the ball in this alternate shot format. It appeared that Arnold had no shot at all to the green, but with a six-iron he hooked the ball through and around the pines and oaks in his path and onto the green, stopping some 10 feet from the pin. Dickinson holed the putt for a birdie that gave the pair its lead and eventual victory.

That afternoon it was the same story, only more so. Jacklin and Thomas won their match, but the Americans won the other three, and the event proceeded into the second day with the Yanks well in command. "Several of the matches could have gone either way," Hogan observed. "A few short putts here and there and it might have been a different story."

"Yes," sighed Pat Ward-Thomas, the golfing correspondent of *The Guardian*. "But why is it that the stronger side is always the one that makes the short putts?" And there was no question but that Palmer's miraculous six-iron shot at the 15th first swung the tide in the Americans' direction.

Saturday's play was devoted to four-ball team matches, and that spelled the end for the British. Seven of the eight matches went to the Americans, and the other was halved, giving the home side an insurmountable lead of 13–3 to take into the final day's singles. The slight suspense evident on Friday was long gone. To be sure, there was some wonderful golf to watch from time to time, but it was not the kind of team contest to make anyone hold his breath. Happily, Palmer was on hand—and Hogan.

Hogan had withheld Palmer from the Saturday morning matches, a decision that brought forth a marvelous exchange between Hogan and the press and one to be savored by all devotees of Hoganiana.

"Did Palmer ask to be rested in the morning?" asked one of the reporters.

"No," Hogan replied. "I'm the captain, and I decide who plays and who doesn't play."

"Then why won't Palmer play in the morning?"

"Because I say he won't."

"Is there a reason?"

"Yes."

"May I ask the reason?"

"Yes, you can ask, but I won't tell you."

With 10 members on a Ryder Cup team and only eight needed at any one time, most captains try to give each of the players at least one breather, if possible. Whatever the reason, Arnold took it easy Saturday morning and then teamed with Julius Boros for the afternoon's four-ball against what looked to be the weakest of all the British

continued



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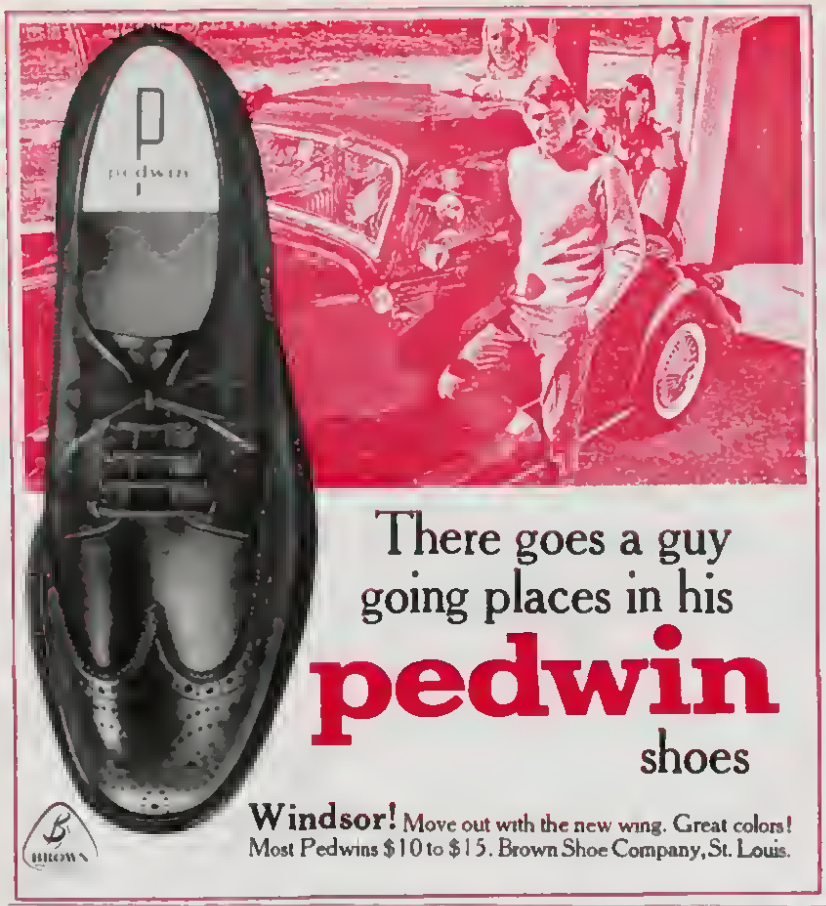
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pairings—George Will and Hugh Boyle.

On paper it was a mismatch, but on the course, almost before you looked up, Palmer and Boros were 3 down, and they were 4 down at the turn. Then Palmer came alive. He won the 10th with a routine par, but at the 466-yard 11th, he put a long iron four feet from the hole and sank it for a birdie 3. The short 12th was halved with pars. On the 544-yard 13th Arnold reached the green with a drive and an iron and two-putted for another birdie, and then at the 14th he hit another long iron four feet from the pin for his third birdie in four holes. That evened the match, and the British bogeyed the 18th to lose. Palmer's charge gave his side the win and breathed life into an otherwise humdrum day of American victory.

Ever since Samuel Ryder, a British optimist, donated his solid-gold trophy back in 1927, this same one-sided monotony has been going on much too often. The British pros simply do not play golf with the same killer instinct that drives the Americans. Yet, even so, the Ryder Cup has a very large meaning for both sides. The pomp and ceremony that goes with it, the flag raisings and the playing of national anthems, and the panache that attaches to membership on the Ryder Cup team inject a refreshingly noncommercial moment into one of the most blatantly commercial of American sports. Billy Casper, who is widely, if inaccurately, regarded as a rather phlegmatic type, tried to explain what it feels like. It really hits you, he said, during the flag-raising ceremonies when they play *God Save the Queen* and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Last week, Casper was playing on his fourth Ryder Cup team, but it still got him. He hit the first drive for the American side on the first day of competition, and it was fine, right down the middle of the fairway. But to Casper, it had been a moment of sheer panic. He had stood at attention through the opening formalities, watching the flags and listening to the anthems. By the time he hit his drive, he said, he could scarcely breathe. "Did you ever try to hit a golf ball without any oxygen in your system?" he asked.

So long as playing for one's country means that much to the pros, the monotony will be worth it. In fact, you can believe them when they tell you it means more than money. **END**

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A masterful show of the wizardry of Ozzie

At a small team event in his home town of Dallas, one of the most famous figures in bridge, Oswald Jacoby, recently achieved a goal that no one has before—he won his 10,000th master point. This is a formidable total, one never even envisioned when the master-point system was first started 31 years ago, and it is fitting that the resident genius of the bridge world, my friend Ozzie, should be the man to break the five-figure barrier.

When the word genius is used in regard to Jacoby, as it often is by fellow members of that tight society that perches at the top of the competitive-bridge pecking order, it does not refer exclusively to his ability with cards—indeed, as in most sports, any bridge master is likely to contend that his own genius is unsurpassable. The reference is, instead, to the peculiar mathematical wizardry that Jacoby has displayed all his life. It was his mathematical brilliance that helped him become an international bridge personality nearly 40 years ago. The tricks he could perform with numbers, with words, with codes were stupefying then and are today. For example, Jacoby is still remembered in insurance circles as the first man to pass the actuary's examination at the age of 21.

It was in Jacoby's first big year, 1931, that he hit the front pages as the partner of Sidney Lenz in the "Bridge Battle of the Century"—the 150-rubber challenge match against Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson. Part of the battle turned out to be between Ozzie and Lenz, with Jacoby withdrawing from the partnership, unquietly, after 103 rubbers. This breakup came as no real surprise, for the mercurial Jacoby was not the type to long endure the complaints of an impatient partner, especially one being needled to anger by the deft jabs of Culbertson.

It is as true today as ever that there is nothing predictable about Jacoby, and nothing placid. He is a restless partner, impatient when the hands are routine and likely to jump up from the table the minute he is dummy, leaving the room to see if something interesting isn't happening somewhere that he should know about. I still recall the memorable occasion on the final day of the 1941 Winter National Championships in Richmond. Word came of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Jacoby stood up, immediately found a substitute to play for him and left at once for Washington. What he did during the war he has never described exactly, but one of the reasons his name does not appear in the recent book *The Codebreakers* is that the Director of Naval Intelligence asked Jacoby not to talk if approached.

In the course of his distinguished career Jacoby has feuded with Culbertson, with me and with a number of notable partners and teammates, but I think it is safe to say that he never has had a partner who failed to appreciate his skill or trust his judgment. That includes his wife, with whom he was playing the night he won his 10,000th point.

The hand at right is from that session. Jacoby made a routine opening bid of one diamond. When he then rebid his diamonds in the face of West's strong no-trump overcall, it became obvious to Mrs. Jacoby that he had a long, self-sufficient suit. Confident of this, and feeling that her hand must represent the balance of power placed where it would do the most good, she redoubled in spite of holding only a single trump.

Jacoby ruffed the second spade lead and easily maneuvered to cash three top hearts, trump another spade and, after winning a club finesse, ruff a third club. West had nothing left but his four trumps and could not prevent declarer from scoring the queen of diamonds as well as the ace. The contract was thus made with two overtricks.

Compared to Jacoby's many brilliant coups, it was a simple hand. But it gave him considerable pleasure, for when it came time to compare the results with his teammates, his son Jim and daughter-in-law Judy, Jim said sadly, "We can't win this board. I doubled 'em in two diamonds and they made it." "That's all right," said Ozzie. "The same thing happened at our table, but my partner redoubled!"

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 7 6 5 3
♥ K 8 6
♦ 6
♣ A Q 6 3

WEST
♠ A K J
♥ 7 4 3
♦ K J 9 8
♣ K J 4

EAST
♠ Q 10 8 2
♥ J 10 5
♦ 7 4
♣ 10 9 7 5

SOUTH
♠ 4
♥ A Q 9 2
♦ A Q 10 5 3 2
♣ 8 2

SOUTH (Jacoby)	WEST	NORTH (Mrs. Jacoby)	EAST
1 ♦	1 N T	PASS	PASS
2 ♦	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of spades

Jacoby will be 65 in December and, after his success at Dallas, my longtime rival and even longer-time friend announced his retirement, if not from all tournament play, at least from the demanding business of the master-point race. I am happy to welcome him to the sidelines, the vantage point from which I have been observing most events since my favorite partner, Helen Sobel, remarried and more or less dropped out of tournament competition. But I suspect that, as I do, Oswald Jacoby will sally forth now and then for a tournament just to prove that he can keep pace with the best of them. END

MENACE IN OUR NORTHERN PARKS



One night last August two girls, camped 10 miles apart, were killed by grizzlies. Can it happen again? The answer is a nervous 'yes'

BY EMMETT WATSON

Five miles west of Logan Pass, Mont., where a trail leaves the highway and zigzags up a wooded slope, a sign was posted: TRAIL CLOSED BY ORDER OF PARK SUPERINTENDENT. DANGEROUS BEAR. AUGUST 13, 1967. That sign blocked the way to Granite Park Chalet, a big stone-and-timber inn put up to provide rooms and meals for the hikers who use the thousand miles of wilderness trails in Glacier National Park each summer. Ten miles west there was a sign bearing the same message—DANGEROUS BEAR—closing the trail to Trout Lake on that same date.

Grizzly bears have been dangerous for all the Augusts there have ever been. It was not the fact that they are dangerous, but the strange demonstration of their savagery that made a horrifying impact on that August morning. Two lovely 19-year-old girls were mutilated, dragged into the woods and killed by grizzlies. They were attacked by two different bears, acting in much the same fashion, striking at almost the same time, at two different campgrounds which, while only 10 miles apart by air, were separated by a towering ridge and a great canyon with a 4,000-foot wall.

Nothing like it had ever happened before. The grizzly is the second most dangerous mammal on the North American continent, second only to man, but man kills his own and all other animals with such mindless regularity that we are insulated against shock in that connection. It is only when a human being is killed by another animal—a relative-

continued



ly rare occurrence—that our composure is shattered. And so it was that Glacier National Park, previously famous only as an incredibly beautiful mountain preserve, temporarily shoved war stories, race riots and traffic deaths off the main line of the news.

The signs are down now. Granite Park Chalet has been closed since Labor Day. When the snow begins to pile up on the mountains a grizzly finds a deep hole under the rocks and, along about November, crawls into it, alone. No mature grizzly ever sleeps in the same den with another mature grizzly. They know only one would emerge in the spring. Grizzlies are smart, ranking with lions, beavers and dogs, a shade less brainy than wolves. For five months of winter a grizzly lies in its den in a strange half stupor, a sort of suspended life, not a true hibernation, since it can easily be roused. Its temperature drops about 7°, and its digestive functions cease. Its breathing drops from 30 to 12 a minute. Next April or May the 100-odd grizzlies in Glacier Park will emerge from their dens and pass an uncomfortable week, eating little, until their systems return to normal. Then they will be ravenously hungry, savage and dangerous. They will remain hungry and dangerous all summer.

The tragedy in Glacier Park began with a picnic. One Wednesday afternoon, August 9, five little girls of Troop 367 of the Girl Scouts of Kalispell, Mont., on the western side of the park, were on a pack trip to Trout Lake with two grown-ups. In the evening, after dinner, Pat Sampson saw a bear coming down the trail. The girls ran away. But when the bear began tearing up Karen Lyon's knapsack, it was too much, they threw rocks at it. The bear went into the woods and circled the camp, so the girls hastily packed, and in five minutes were ready to get out of there. Their packhorse was scared by the bear and moved down the hill toward the lake, but he was tied by a long rope so that the girls were able to reach him and get away. Susan Sampson, Pat's sister, took a picture of the bear from a distance, prowling over the logjam that the swift current of Camas Creek piled up at the outlet of Trout Lake. The next day the Kalispell *Daily Inter Lake* told the story, describing the bear as a black bear, and printed on the front page the photograph that Susan had taken. But it was not a black bear, its bulk and the unmistakable hump on its shoulders clearly identified it as a grizzly.

On the following Saturday five young people assembled at Lake McDonald Lodge, a pleasant inn of typical national-parks architecture which has a dining room, gift shop, cocktail lounge and campgrounds and where the entertainment includes naturalist talks, horseback rides and boat trips on Lake McDonald. They were going on an overnight hike into the backcountry along the trail that ran past Trout Lake. All five were among the 850 college and high school students who are hired each season by the companies operating the hotels in the park. (Around 11,000 girls apply each summer.) Overnight hikes are not permitted the students unless they have their parents' permission. Michele Koons, a frail, attractive, blonde girl who worked in the gift shop at Lake McDonald Lodge, telephoned her parents in San Diego (where Michele was a sophomore at California Western University) to get their consent to the trip. Her parents talked to the assistant manager of the gift shop before deciding. Michele was universally popular—"one of our absolutely top students," the personnel director of Glacier Park said, "and among the best of our applicants."

Michele and Ray Noseck, the 23-year-old manager of a service station near the lodge, had a long wait before the rest of the party arrived. The other three students on the hike worked in another inn—Glacier Park Lodge, just outside the southeast entrance of the park, some 60 miles from Lake McDonald—and were taking advantage of their day off to see some of the park itself. They were so late in arriving that the hikers did not get away until after lunch. Denise Huckle, a junior at the University of Arizona who worked as a room clerk at Glacier Park Lodge, had picked up a stray dog she called Squirt. "I remember Denise had found this abandoned dog," said Dorothy Love, who managed the gift shop, "and they were looking around for a piece of cord to make a leash for him." It is a violation of park regulations to bring a dog in the backcountry of Glacier, but the kids thought the use of a leash would make it all right.

The other two hikers were Paul Dunn, a 16-year-old high school boy from Minnesota, and Ron Noseck, a waiter at the Glacier Park Lodge, the younger brother of Ray. Ray and Ron were from the small desert town of Oracle in southern Arizona, both dental students at the University of Louisville. The trail the hikers followed ran by a ranger cabin at the northern end of Lake McDonald and then climbed pretty steeply through timber, rising 2,000 feet in two miles. They plodded along the southwest slope of 7,754-foot Stanton Mountain at about the 5,000-foot level. To the west the land sloped to the Flathead River 12 miles away. Beyond a little plateau the trail dropped down to Trout Lake, at an elevation of 3,380 feet. About two miles long and half a mile wide, Trout Lake is one of a chain of five lakes formed by Camas Creek as it descends from the mountains of Livingstone Range down to the Flathead River. Slopes that sometimes become vertical walls of 4,000 feet rise on both sides of Camas Creek. One of the heaviest concentrations of moose in the park is in the area. Trout Lake is a popular fishing spot, only four miles from the highway that runs past Lake McDonald. It is approachable also by another trail, longer but not as steep, threading upstream along the Camas from the Flathead River valley.

The students reached there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was dry and warm and a wind was coming up, arousing concern about the forest fires that had been started by dry lightning storms. The hikers did not intend to camp at Trout Lake. They planned to go farther up Camas Creek, some two miles to Arrow Lake, where there was a cabin beside the trail. But two campers they met reported there was a troublesome bear in the Arrow Lake

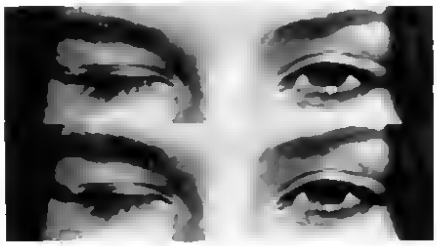
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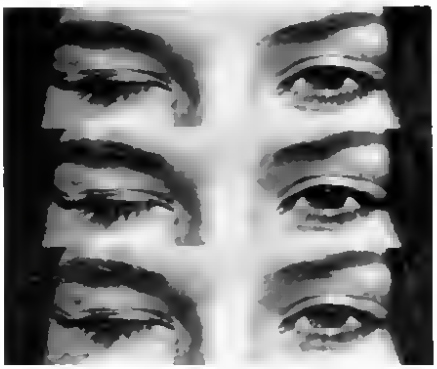
The Avis Winker Code



1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.



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There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

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ITT

area. So the students decided to halt at Trout Lake and put up their camp on the shore, near the logjam at the end of the lake.

Michele remained at the camp with the dog while the others fished on the lake. They fished until nearly 8 o'clock. Then, while they were all cooking hot dogs around the campfire, Michele first sighted the grizzly in the woods. She said, "There's a bear!" and the five ran 50 yards down the lakefront. The bear prowled around the camp, eating their food. Someone said that when it left it carried Michele's travel kit in its teeth, but people were too frightened to be sure of exactly what happened. When the students returned to their camp after the bear had left, they found it had eaten all their food except a box of cookies and cheese crackers.

They considered going back, but they had only one flashlight and they were afraid of losing the trail. So they built up a big fire and ringed their camp with logs. Then they dozed, intermittently feeding the fire. Denise Huckle got in her sleeping bag under a log near the fire, taking the dog into the bag with her and holding it in her arms. Later in the night the grizzly was seen on the logjam. The dog remained quiet, except for some growling when the bear went back to the lake.

"None of us really slept," Ray Noseck said. "We just kept putting wood on the fire." Paul Dunn said he stayed so close to the fire his feet were hot. In the darkness they could hear the bear circling around them in the brush, sometimes coming very close to the fire. They lay huddled in their sleeping bags, blankets over their heads, while the long night wore on.

Northeast of these nervous campers, across a gigantic ridge of the Livingstone Range and across 10 miles of the rugged mountain terrain of the central park area, another grizzly prowled silently around a more populated campground. Julie Helgeson and Roy Ducat had started their Saturday hiking trip a little later than the others. They also worked at the Glacier Park Lodge. Julie, a slender, brown-haired sophomore at the University of Minnesota, was another outstanding student, remembered by the park-concession personnel as one of the best of the young people employed in the park. Her parents, from Albert Lea, Minn., had been visiting her at Glacier only the week before. Roy Ducat, a sophomore at Bowling Green University in Ohio, was working as a busboy at the Glacier Park Lodge. Early on Saturday afternoon they hitchhiked a ride that took them to a trail known as the Garden Wall Trail that ran north to the Granite Park Chalet. They were in a country of subalpine firs, scattered alder and birch trees and high meadows covered with wild flowers. Very near on one side were Mount Grinnell, Grinnell Glacier and Mount Gould, rising 9,541 feet in massive bluish rock ridges and snow peaks. They were almost on the crest of the Continental Divide, in one of the most celebrated viewpoints in the mountains, with an unobstructed outlook across deep wooded valleys toward the peaks in the west, south and north. It was a long and winding hike but not particularly hard, running through country where bighorn sheep and white-tailed deer were common sights, and it took them to Granite Park Chalet about 7 in the evening.

The chalet is a stopping place for hikers who do not want to carry many supplies. Other trails lead on from there, including one that follows the crest of the divide to the Canadian border 15 miles north. The chalet was crowded, 59 people staying there that weekend. Julie and Roy left their sleeping bags at the chalet and went out to locate a campsite. They selected one only a few hundred yards away, down a slope in front of the inn and within sight of it. Other parties camped near them.

The young people ate sandwiches for their supper about 8 o'clock, and Roy Ducat, mindful of the regulations given to all park employees, carried the scraps of the meal 200 yards from the campsite and buried them under a log. It was now dark, and about this time, in the shadowy area below the peaks to the west of them, Michele first saw the grizzly at Trout Lake.

Roy Ducat said that he and Julie did not see or hear any bears where they were. He waked once in the night, climbed out of his sleeping bag, got a drink of water, returned and fell asleep. He waked again to hear Julie say, "Pretend you're dead. Play dead." Then a heavy blow knocked him five feet, and he saw the outlines of a bear against the starlight. The bear bit him on the shoulder. It left him and bit the girl, who cried out. The grizzly moved back to Ducat, biting and mauling, and then turned back to Julie. She screamed twice, loud enough to be heard back at the chalet. Then there was the sound of her being dragged away, the bear moving rapidly, her screams diminishing in the night.

Bleeding and in shock, Ducat made his way toward the chalet. He met Don Gullet, who was camped near an outbuilding used by trail-building crews. "We've been attacked by a bear," Ducat said. A large party formed, carrying flashlights and torches. Ducat was carried on a spring cot to the chalet, where a call for help went out over the park radio. Twenty minutes later a helicopter, carrying morphine and other medical supplies, and a ranger with a .300 Magnum took off from West Glacier.

The copter flew northwest 49 miles over the Apgar Mountains and Livingstone Range. Gary Bunney, the ranger, said, "If anybody was a hero it had to be John Westover, the pilot. It was pitch dark, and you could only occasionally see the outlines of a mountain or the faintest sign of a horizon. The people built fires and used their flashlights to get us down."

Ducat was taken to Kalispell to a hospital; Bunney led a search party for Julie. They traced where she had been dragged, lost the trail and then heard her moaning. She was taken back to the chalet, terribly lacerated. She died of wounds in her throat and lungs at 4:13 in the morning.

continued


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A bartender named Floyd. The wizard of martinis.
And the perfect gin, of course."
We suspect Floyd would deny he's a magician.
He's simply a very knowing guy when it comes to gin.
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he's got to start with a drier gin.
One that's nearly perfect. Seagram's.
Next time you're at a bar ask the resident wizard for a Seagram's martini.
One sip and the secret's out.
The perfect martini gin.
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin

At that very moment, 10 miles away, the campers at Trout Lake were beginning to think that their ordeal was almost over. They were still huddled close to the fire, the bear prowling dangerously nearby, but the sky was growing light. It would soon be morning. "I was the first to see the bear," Denise said. "The dog squealed. I looked over the log and the bear was loping straight toward the camp. The fire was big, and I could see the upper half of his body. Then, about four or five feet from me, he stopped. I was back under the covers. All of a sudden he grabbed one of the packs, and we could hear him ripping the pack."

The grizzly bit into Paul Dunn's sleeping bag and tore his shirt. He jumped up, and the bear, startled, backed away. The camp was now in a frenzy. Ron Noseck helped Denise into a tree and threw the dog up to her. Ray Noseck played dead as the bear sniffed at him and moved away. He freed himself of his sleeping bag and ran for a tree, calling to Michele to run for it. She could not get out of her sleeping bag —she cried that the zipper was stuck—and then screamed that the bear was tearing her arm. Then she cried, "Oh, my God, my head!" a cry that was also heard as "Oh, my God, I'm dead!" By the light of the fire they saw the bear dragging Michele, still trapped in her sleeping bag, into the forest.

Light came about 6 o'clock. The four survivors climbed out of their trees and hurried to Lake McDonald. They found a ranger, who led a party of four—another ranger, Ron Noseck, Paul Dunn and Andy Sampson, a native of the region—back to Trout Lake. Following a trail of blood, scraps of the sleeping bag and clothes, they found Michele's body about a hundred yards from the campsite.

By recognized standards of grizzly-bear behavior all this was unusual, almost unbelievable. Authentic accounts of grizzly attacks are rare. "It is just too much," one authority said, "that sheer coincidence caused two grizzly bears only a few miles apart to attack two similar camping parties at almost the same time."

Dr. John Craighead, who, with his twin brother, Dr. Frank Craighead, conducted an eight-year study of the grizzlies in Yellowstone Park that began in 1959, said, "Grizzlies are very wary of man, and retreat when they get the scent."

Jack Lentfer, a leading expert on grizzlies in Alaska, now directing bear studies for the Alaska Department of Fish and Game and a veteran of 15 years of wildlife study, said, "Grizzlies are cleverer than other bears—but also more wary. They will avoid contact or encounters, more so than other bears."

Not that anyone underestimates their power and ferocity when they do attack. Their prodigious strength, their ability to smash and destroy, was the substance of outdoor legends from the time white men first saw them. Henry Kelsey, the Canadian explorer, began the record back in 1691. A hundred years later Edward Umfreville, exploring the plains of Saskatchewan, wrote a warning: "Their power is dangerous, and their haunts are to be guarded against." But it was the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition that really made the American people aware of grizzlies, principally because grizzlies kept coming on and attacking after they were shot. Hunters had to travel in pairs. "These bears, being so hard to die, intimidate us all," Meriwether Lewis wrote in his journal after one of them chased him into the Missouri River. "I must confess I do not like the gentlemen, and would rather fight two Indians than one bear."

Henry Tinsley, a writer for that favorite publication of Theodore Roosevelt, *Outing Magazine*, noted that the bullets of a muzzle loader ran to 70 to the pound. A modern .32-caliber rifle is heavier. Contemporary experts think that the use of anything smaller than a .30/06 against a grizzly is foolhardy, and advocate a .300 Magnum. Moreover, the old guns often failed to fire, and with a charging grizzly, weighing perhaps half a ton and able to move at 30 miles per hour, there was no chance to stop and fix things. Western literature from the time of Grizzly Adams onward dealt with the imperviousness of these monsters to bullets. In fact, the one attempt to write a Homeric poem on the West was inspired by a grizzly: John Niehardt's gallant but unsuccessful *Song of Hugh Glass*. Glass was unquestionably the angriest man in American history or poetry. Mauled by a grizzly in South Dakota in 1825, he was abandoned by four companions, who were afraid to stay around and unwilling to shoot him to put him out of his misery. Glass crawled 100 miles on his hands and knees to the nearest fort and then set out after the men who had left him behind. He chased them through unexplored Montana and down into unknown Wyoming, brushing off two Indian attacks that threatened to spoil his revenge, and at last, after traveling 1,500 miles in nine months, caught them in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Cooled off by then, he let them go.

By 1900 grizzlies had almost disappeared from the U.S., except in the national parks. Today there are between 800 and 1,000 in the U.S. plus about 10,000 to 20,000 in Alaska, several thousand in British Columbia and the Yukon and a thousand or more in the Northwest Territories and Alberta, Canada. Placed on the list of rare and endangered species by the wildlife experts of the Department of the Interior, grizzlies are not extensively hunted in the U.S., though around 600 are killed yearly in Alaska. The total killed in the national forests in the U.S. last year was 74, and 18 of these were taken in the Bob Marshall Wilderness area of the Flathead National Forest, which adjoins Glacier Park. Protected in the parks, grizzlies were fed at stations in Yellowstone for more than 20 years so that visitors could watch them when they came at night to eat. The feeding stations were discontinued in 1941, and since that time the grizzlies have tended to gather at the park's refuse dumps.

The Yellowstone bears have provided the subjects for scientific studies by the Craighead brothers that began in 1959. In delicate and dangerous pioneering experiments, the bears were trapped, measured, weighed, marked and followed

continued

Separates the men from the boys.

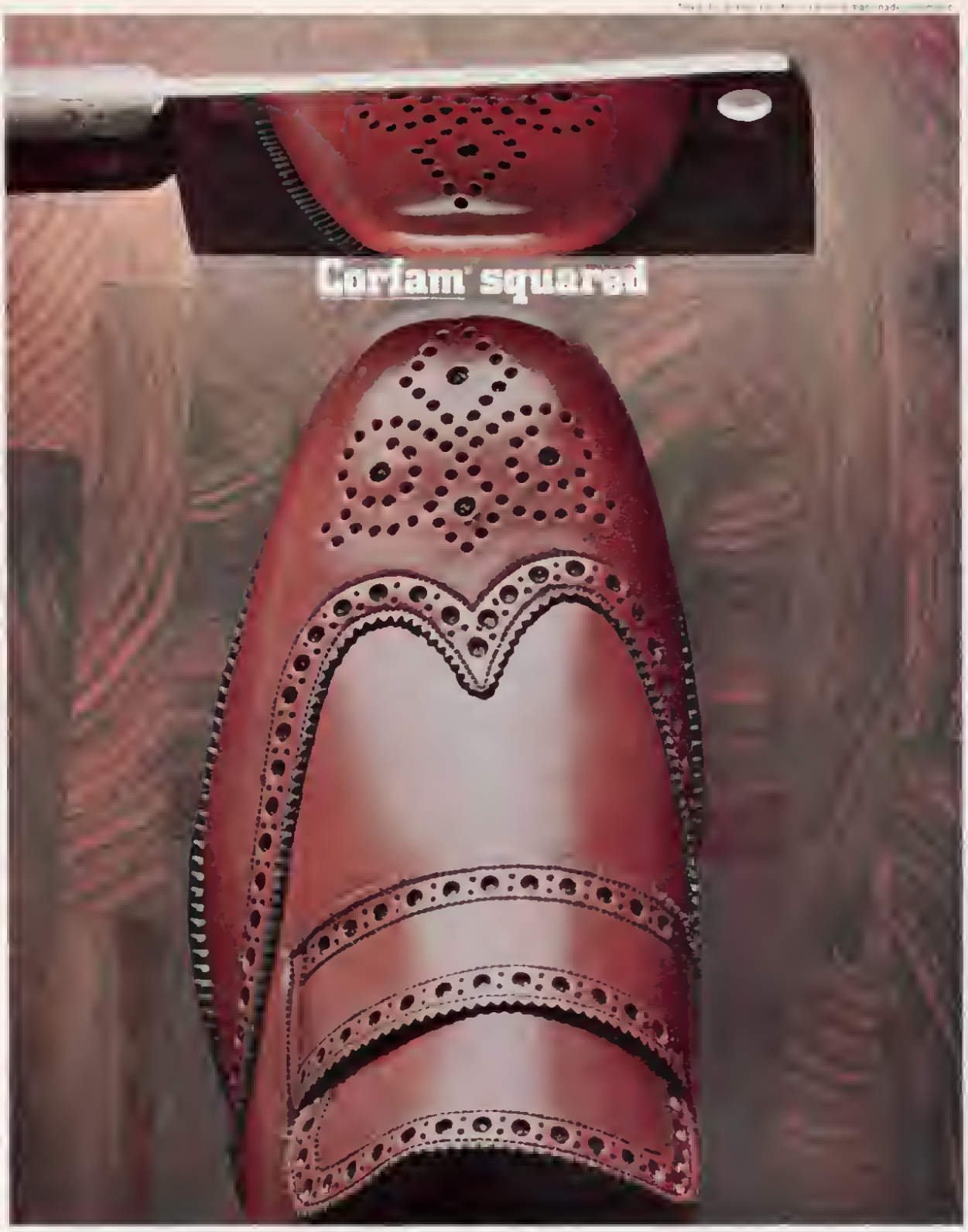
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around Yellowstone by means of radio transmitters affixed on collars around their necks. They were first immobilized by a shot of Sucostrin, delivered by a gas-operated rifle shooting a projectile syringe. "The bear was constantly growling and moving spasmodically," Dr. Frank Craighead said of one of the first trapped. "It was like working over dynamite with a damp fuse." Later on bears were given a second shot that left them unconscious. They were tattooed under the front leg for identification, and a colored ear tag was fastened through a small slit in each ear so they could be spotted from a distance. Asked how the grizzlies reacted after such treatment, Dr. John Craighead said, "Most of these grizzlies want to get away from us as fast as they can. They don't seem angry, just puzzled and bewildered."

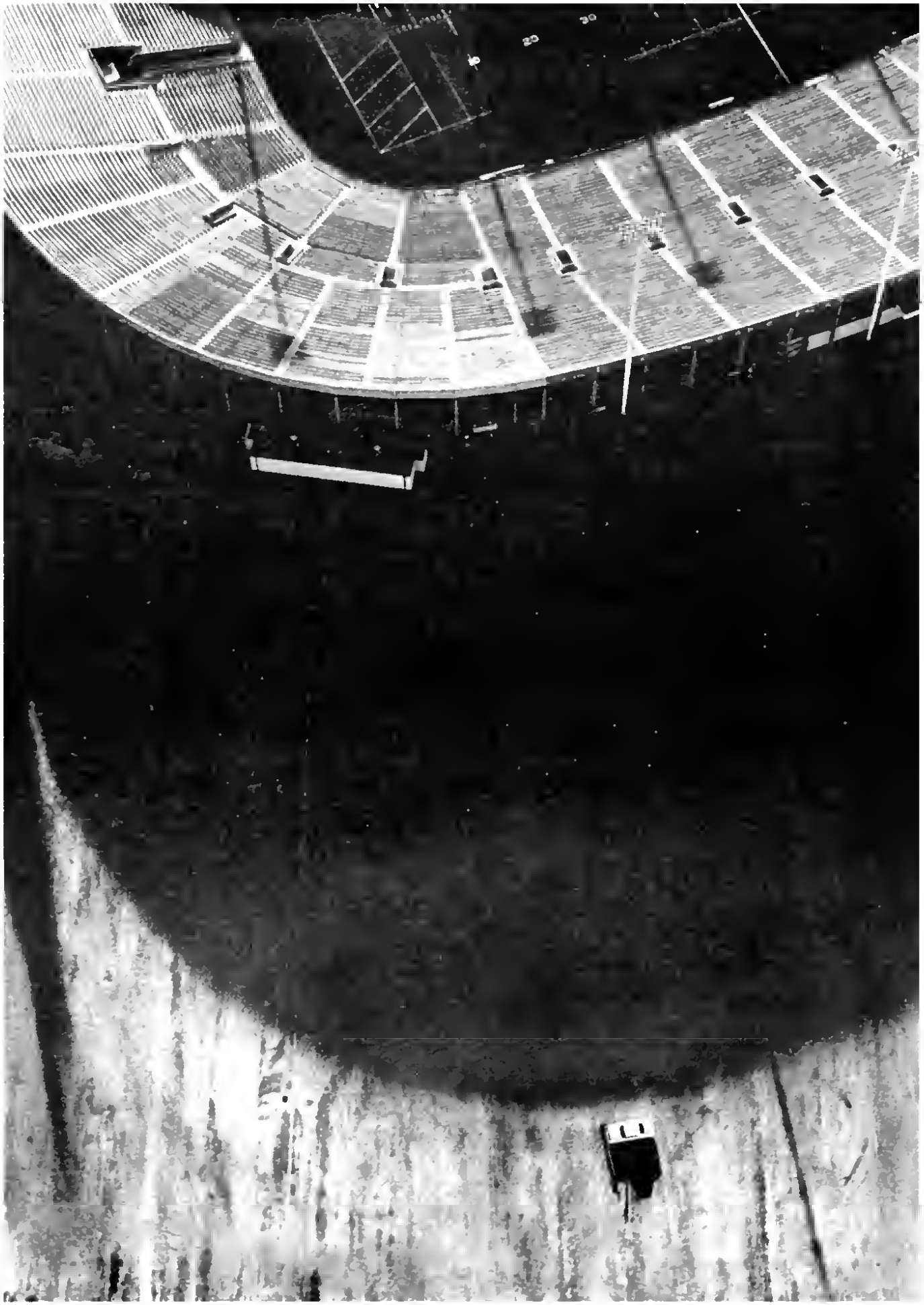
A disaster in the summer of 1959 indicated the need for more knowledge of grizzlies. On June 18 of that year Joseph Williams, a 20-year-old college student from Ohio, on his first day as a summer employee in a Glacier Park motel, went for a hike up Mount Altyn, about a mile from the motel. He and a companion, Robert Winter of Detroit, were about two-thirds of the way up the slope when they saw a grizzly coming after them, weaving back and forth across the trail. Williams waved to Winter, who was farther up the slope, but otherwise remained motionless. Suddenly the bear appeared behind him and struck him in the small of the back. It was a very small grizzly, perhaps not fully grown. Williams jumped up, and it caught his hand in its mouth. "I ran down the mountain like going down steep stairs," Williams said. "I kept rolling and stumbling, but it caught me." The bear knocked him down, bit and mauled him. Winter rushed up and hammered the bear on the head with a slab of rock. When the grizzly released its hold, Williams tried to run again. He fell over a ledge, and the bear, disregarding Winter, wandered down the hill and mauled him again. Winter ran for help. When two rangers got back to Williams, the bear was still on top of him, mauling and biting. The rangers shot the bear twice, killing it with a bullet in the spine.

Williams survived, and on Nov. 9, 1961 Judge Ralph Freeman, of the U.S. District Court in Detroit awarded him damages of $100,000 on the grounds that the warnings of the danger from grizzlies were inadequate. This precedent-making decision was soon tested again. On July 18, 1960 two ranger-naturalists in Glacier Park, on their day off, hiked from Rising Sun campground to Otokomi Lake and took Smith Parratt, the 10-year-old son of another ranger-naturalist, with them. At the lake they met Gote Nyhlen and Brita Noring, two schoolteachers from Sweden, and all five started back about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Edomo Mazzer, one of the naturalists, was in the lead, and as he rounded a turn in the trail saw a grizzly with two cubs. He ran back, shouting to the others to climb trees. The bear overtook the boy, knocking him down and mauling him. It then raced after Alan Nelson, the other ranger-naturalist, who had climbed four or five feet into a tree when the bear sank its teeth in his thigh and brought him down. He was stunned, and the bear left him and brought down Miss Noring, who was not high enough in the tree to escape. She screamed, and the bear, holding her by the thigh, dragged her into the brush. It left her, but came back, hit her arm and resumed its attack on the boy. The attacks took only minutes; then the bear vanished. A rescue party, brought by the two uninjured men, got to the site at 7:45 o'clock that night. Smith Parratt suffered puncture wounds in his chest and lost an eye, he was so savagely mauled that he was not expected to live. Brita Noring had severe lacerations on her right leg and shoulder. Alan Nelson was badly bitten on his thighs and knee. Smith Parratt survived—in fact, he became an honors student and was on the track team in high school—after repeated operations and plastic surgery. On October 24, 1966, in the U.S. District Court in Los Angeles, the government agreed to a settlement for $100,000, the case not coming to trial.

Most grizzly attacks are over in a very short time. In a recent incident on the Horsefly River of British Columbia one hunter in a party (not after grizzlies) stumbled on a seven-foot monster. He was armed only with a .30/.30 rifle. He shot the bear as it wheeled and charged, shot twice more as he tried to take refuge behind a tree and got in two more shots as it knocked him down and mauled him, wounding him severely before it died with five bullets in it. The entire encounter lasted 35 seconds. In August 1965 Fred Sturdy, an employee in Jasper National Park in Canada, while walking with a girl friend near the lodge, met a grizzly on the trail. The girl fainted, and was not molested. Sturdy suffered compound fractures of the skull and massive lacerations over most of his body. (In the first case of the sort in Canadian legal history, the Exchequer Court is now considering his $75,000 claim.)

In none of these cases did the bears behave like the two in Glacier Park. Telephoned for an opinion, Dr. John Craighead said grizzlies will retreat from man unless they are cornered (or think they are cornered), injured or sick. All authorities agree that grizzlies generally run from people except under a few special circumstances—during the brief breeding season in the late spring, or when a sow is accompanied by her cubs, or when a grizzly is protecting the carcass of an animal it has killed. No one envisaged anything like the long-sustained siege that went on at Trout Lake, or the swift raid into an area where there were many people, as happened at Granite Park Chalet. Ruben Hart, the chief ranger at Glacier, a tall, thoughtful veteran of the Park Service, said, "This whole thing, the coincidence of two attacks at almost the same time, leaves us at a loss." Dan Nelson, the management assistant at the West Glacier Park headquarters, summed up everybody's reaction: "We just don't know. . . . It is inexplicable." To young Cliff Martinka the catastrophe was doubly depressing. A 29-year-old biologist, formerly with the Montana Fish and Game Department, he had started work for the Park Service at Gla-



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cier only two weeks before, to carry on a wildlife study that was to last for three to five years, and now faced the task of killing the bears in the area responsible for the two deaths.

With the other rangers, equipped with .300 Magnums, they searched the area where Julie Helgeson was killed. Late Sunday night they came on a female silvertip. They fired a volley, for an elementary reason. "We didn't want any wounded bears on the loose," Martinka said grimly.

Later that night they killed another grizzly, also a female, and the next morning a third, a sow with cubs. Martinka performed the autopsies on these. The heads of the bears were sent to the veterinary laboratory of Montana State University to be tested for rabies. (The results were negative.) The claws and hides, with traces of matted blood, were sent to the FBI laboratory in Washington, but the blood was found to be that of an animal. Meanwhile another ranger killed a fourth grizzly, also a sow with cubs, near Trout Lake.

But the mystery triggered almost hysterical speculation as to the cause. At the park headquarters, after the bodies of Michele and Julie were taken out, the atmosphere was somber and tense. Lightning storms in a dry season had started 25 fires in the million-acre preserve. If a wind whipped one of them out of control, a holocaust could add the final horror to the dark hours that had passed. The fire-fighting crews of rangers under Keith Neilson, the park superintendent, were embattled and near exhaustion. To add to Neilson's distress, advice, recriminations, demands for details and requests for the reason for the attacks poured in endlessly in telegrams and phone calls. The theories came down to a significant few:

ENVIRONMENTAL CHANGES? At first even Superintendent Neilson speculated that the lightning storms might have frightened the grizzlies into a rampage of night marauding. It was also noted that sonic booms in the area might have had an effect.

These theories were quickly knocked down. Dr. Craighead said grizzlies were unaffected by weather. Faye Couey, a local authority with the Montana Fish and Game Department, said, "I never heard a theory based on actual study which would indicate bears are excited to violence by lightning or extended periods of hot, dry weather."

EXPERIMENTS? "Was anyone conducting a study of grizzly bears in the area?" asked an internationally known scientist. "They anesthetize the grizzlies with a syringe gun, and when the animal is knocked out they weigh it, measure it and, if they want to determine the age, they pull a tooth. . . ." Do bears remember and resent such experiences? "Bears have some sort of memory," the scientist said. "How long they remember we don't know. But they remember."

But again the answer was no; there were no studies being made. In Washington, officials of the Park Service said they knew of no studies of the bears in Glacier. And at Glacier, Superintendent Neilson said he knew of none.

DRUGS? One persistent theory was that the bears had been given LSD or had taken some plant with hallucinating effects. In the first days after the tragedy the park headquarters was flooded with letters speculating that the bears had been drugged with baited food.

But the autopsies on the bears in the area showed no trace of LSD or other drugs. "We don't think much of such theories," Neilson said.

At Glacier a concerned group gathered to begin the investigation. Glen Cole, a research biologist and wildlife management expert for the Rocky Mountain Parks; Robert Wasen, the management biologist at Glacier; Ruben Hart; and a Federal Bureau of Investigation special agent.

Hart conducted an extensive interview with Roy Ducat and with three witnesses who were camped nearby when the attack on Julie Helgeson took place. Larry Dale, a ranger, interviewed the four survivors of the Trout Lake incident in which Michele Koons was killed. Asked when a report could be expected, Superintendent Neilson said, "In six weeks we may reach a conclusion." Six weeks later he said, "It looks like we are working toward next year." Some people think the investigation has been stalled to cover up an area of negligence by the Parks Service. A more likely reason for the delay is that no one has even approached a solution to the problem of why the bears attacked. Perhaps no one ever will.

One thing is certain. Next spring, when the snows thaw, the bears will be back, and so will the danger. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA In the strong Eastern Division BALTIMORE outscored New York 121-98 as flashy rookie Earl Monroe (*page 24*) tossed in 22 points. The Bullets then lost to BOSTON 125-109 when Sam Jones scored 31. DETROIT new to the East this season walloped the Royals 131-108 on a 43-point third period after trailing at half time. The Pistons followed with a 116-111 loss to PHILADELPHIA which opened its defense of the league title by also beating the Lakers 103-87. CINCINNATI after losing to the Pistons came back stirring with a 122-118 win over the Warriors on Oscar Robertson's 41 points and a 109-107 victory over the Bulls on Robertson's field goal and Guy Rodgers' free throw in the last 11 seconds. Cazzie Russell ended NEW YORK's first game of the season with a 20-foot jump shot in the final second for a 124-122 victory over the Warriors. But the new Knicks, looking more like the same old Knicks, dropped their next two games. In the Western Division unbeaten ST. LOUIS ran its winning streak to six games by beating San Diego 123-105. The Lakers 100-95, the Bulls 126-99 and the Warriors 115-110. LOS ANGELES playing without Jerry West (fractured hand) and Jerry Chambers (drafted by the Army) split four. SAN FRANCISCO dropped three of four and SEATTLE split two games with SAN DIEGO in a confrontation between the two expansion teams. The Rockets won the first 121-114 and the SuperSonics took the second 117-110 in overtime. Winless CHICAGO dropped four more games to extend its losing string to five.

ABA In a sparse second week of play in the American Basketball Association INDIANA won three straight games, 106-101 over Anaheim, for the Amigos' fourth loss in a row; 106-99 over Kentucky before 10,427 in Louisville and 114-111 over New Orleans. DALLAS also defeated Anaheim 129-125 earlier in the week as Pistol Coach Cliff Hagan scored 20 points in the first quarter and finished with 35, while OAKLAND split two games with DENVER winning one 112-102 and losing the other 104-91. HOUSTON after beating Denver 102-85 in its first league game lost to New Orleans 120-112.

BOXING Unbeaten Heavyweight JOE FRAZIER boosted his winning streak to 18 when he scored a TKO over Salt Lake City's Tony Doyle in 1:04 of the second round of a bout in Philadelphia.

FOOTBALL NFL GREEN BAY (4-1-1), the Central Division leader, knocked New York (3-3) out of a chance of first place in the Century Division with a 48-21 rout (*page 24*). CLEVELAND (4-2) and ST. LOUIS (4-2) remained tied for the Century lead however, when the Browns shut out Chicago (2-4) 24-0 and the Cardinals walloped Philadelphia (3-3) *48-14*. With Gale Sayers out because of a leg injury, Cleveland easily gained its first shutout since 1960 and its fourth victory in a row on two TD passes from Frank Ryan to Gary Collins. St. Louis had an even easier time of it as rookie Jim Hart hitting on 16 of 29 passes for 267 yards, tossed four touchdown passes. MINNESOTA (4-1-1), tied twice in the fourth quarter in its game with Coastal Division leader BALTIMORE (4-0-2), but Tom Matte ran 15 cards for one TD and Johnny Unitas threw a short pass to John Mackey for another to gain a 20-20 tie. Bc connecting on 20 passes Unitas set a new NFL career pass-completion record of 2,131. The old mark (2,118) was held by Y. A. Tittle. SAN FRANCISCO (5-1) remained in second place with a 27-13 win over New Orleans (0-6), while LOS ANGELES (3-1-2) gained a 28-28 tie with WASHINGTON (2-2-2) on Roman Gabriel's short TD pass with little more than a minute left. Sonny Jurgensen accounted for all the Redskins' touchdowns when he completed 18 passes for 334 yards and four TDs. Craig Morton threw a five-yard TD pass to Pettis Norman with only 24 seconds remaining and DALLAS (5-2), the Capitol Division leader, edged Pittsburgh (1-5-1) 24-21. Earlier in the game Morton completed 35- and 55-yard touchdown passes to Bob Hayes. Even more spectacular was the passing of Kent Nix. The Steelers' rookie quarterback lit set a Pittsburgh record for completions with 28 of 45 passes for 313 yards. DETROIT (2-3-1) with Karl Sweetan tossing two touchdown passes in his first start of the season, broke a three-game losing streak by beating winless Atlanta (0-5-1) 24-3.

AFL Eastern Division leader NEW YORK (4-1-1) defeated Miami (1-5) 33-14 after piling up a 24-0 half time lead on Joe Namath's 13 completions in 15 attempts for 199 yards and two TDs. Namath watched the rest of the game from the bench. HOUSTON (3-2-1) also ran up a big early lead, 24-3 in the first 24 minutes, in its game against Kansas City (3-3) and managed to hold on for a 24-19 upset over the faltering Chiefs. In the West SAN DIEGO (4-0-1) beat Buffalo (3-3) [illegible] John Hadl hurled three touchdown passes, including a 67-yarder to Lance Alworth and a 66-yarder to Dick Post. Dazzle Dunavitz threw four TD passes to lead OAKLAND (5-1) to a 48-14 rout of Boston (2-4-1).

GOLF The U.S. defeated Great Britain 23½-8½ to win the Ryder Cup in Houston (*page 36*).

HARNESS RACING Scioto Acres NEAT LITTLE PRIDE ($2.20) the top 2-year-old mares winning trotter ($154,163), driven by Stanley Dancer, defeated stablemate Fine Shot by 1½ lengths in winning the one mile $53,845.37 Westbury Futurity for fillies at Roosevelt Raceway.

HOCKEY NHL In the second full week of play for the National Hockey League MONTREAL (4-1-1), the Eastern Division leader, tied the Rangers 2-2, shut out the Maple Leafs 1-0 and split two games with the Bruins. Surprising BOSTON (3-1-1) won three in a row before being stopped by the Canadiens 4-2. The high-scoring Bruins whacked Montreal 6-2 as Phil Esposito scored four goals, crushed the Black Hawks 7-1 and walloped the Red Wings 6-3. After losing to the Red Wings 3-2, NEW YORK (2-1-1) tied the Canadiens 2-2 on Phil Goyette's second goal of the game with only 2½ minutes to play and beat the Maple Leafs 5-3. DETROIT (2-2-1) won two and lost one, while TORONTO (2-3-0) beat the Black Hawks 5-3 before dropping three in a row. Defending champion CHICAGO (0-5-0), off to a woeful start, was still looking for its first victory after losing three more games. In the West LOS ANGELES (2-0-2) beat Minnesota 5-3, then tied California 2-2 and St. Louis 3-3. CALIFORNIA (2-1-1) tied one, lost one and shared second place with PITTSBURGH (2-3-1), which tied Minnesota 1-1 on Andy Bathgate's three goals this sixth career hat trick and lost to Philadelphia 7-1 before beating the Black Hawks 4-2 on Ken Schinkel's hat trick. It was the first victory for an expansion team over the old guard. PHILADELPHIA (2-2-1) edged St. Louis 2-1 and shut out the Penguins 1-0. ST. LOUIS (1-2-2) lost one and tied one, while MINNESOTA (1-2-2) was 1-1-1 for the week.

HORSE RACING Tartan Stable's DR. FAGER ($2.60) won the $121,360 Gold Cup at Chicago's Hawthorne Race Course with a 2½-length victory over Whisper Jet. Nearly two hours earlier at Aqueduct RUFFLED FEATHERS ($82.40), Dr. Fager's stablemate and another Mr. Rough 'n Tumble colt, scored his first stakes win with a head victory over Turf Marce in the 1-5/8-mile $116,100 Man o' War.

Whitney Stable's 1966 2-year-old champion SECCESSOR ($3.40) gained only his second victory in 10 starts this year when Braulio Baeza guided him to a neck win over Gentleman James in the $54,800 Lawrence Realization at Aqueduct.

LITTLE OLYMPICS USSR's (GDR) IER OVANESYAN tied Ralph Boston's 1965 world record 27-4¾" broad jump at the international competition in Mexico City (*page 20*).

MOTOR SPORTS New Zealand's DENIS HULME gained his first Formula I world driving championship after finishing third to Scotland's JIMMY CLARK in the Grand Prix of Mexico in Mexico City (*page 54*).

MILEPOSTS APPROVED By the American League, the transfer of the Kansas City Athletics to Oakland, Calif. for the 1968 season. The transplanted team, to be named the Oakland Athletics, will be managed by former Chicago Cub Head Coach (1961-64) BOB KENNEDY, 47, who spent the past year coaching for the Atlanta Braves. He replaces Interim Manager Luke Appling, who took over in August after Alvin Dark was fired by Owner Charles O. Finley. Finley also hired JOE DiMAGGIO, 49, as executive vice-president.

SOLD The International League's TORONTO franchise to Hoosier real estate tycoon Walter Dilbeck, 49, who plans to locate the baseball club in Louisville, where he has business interests. Tsiropin had been in the International League for 73 consecutive years.

TRADED The Chicago Bulls GUY RODGERS, 32, to the Cincinnati Royals for Guard Flynn Robinson, cash and the Royals' No. 5 draft choices for the next two years. Rodgers, a six-time NBA All Star, set a league record last season with 908 assists and led the club with an 18-point average.

DIED In action 41 miles northeast of Saigon, Vietnam, Major DONALD W. HOLLEDER, 33, Army's All America end in 1954 who played quarterback the next season and led the Cadets to a 14-6 upset over Navy.

CREDITS

4—Jim Brown; 16, 17—Ira Lippke, Bob Moss; 18—Jonathan Daniel; 24, 25—Hank Schallman; 34, 38—Sports Illustrated; 44—Jim Bollerman; 50—AP; NY Daily News; 53—Eric Schweikardt; 56—Don Uhrinek; 77—Betty Cody Collection; Tribune Photo; 78—AP; Bob Williams, Indianapolis Star.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM McLANE, a 220-pound halfback for Coshocton (Ohio) High School, accounted for 44 points in his team's 56-36 win over Ashland on six TDs and four two-point conversions. In six games McLane has scored 96 points and gained 712 yards in 92 carries for a 7.7 average.



YAYNESHET (JEFF) TEFERI, the son of an Ethiopian diplomat in Washington, D.C., tied one Frostburg (Md.) State College soccer record (scoring 10 goals in seven games) and set another (with three goals in one quarter) as his team routed St. Vincent College 9-2.



MARGE MASON, 50, New Jersey's six-time ladies' amateur golf champion, shot a 54-hole total of 236 for a tournament record at the USGA Senior Women's Championship in Northfield, N.J., defeating Mrs. Hulet Smith, the 1964 and 1965 winner, by four strokes.



CHARLES RAAB, a 32-year-old optometrist from Port Angeles, Wash., who took up archery only three weeks before his first hunt with bow and arrow, bagged a mountain goat with 9⅜-inch horns, more than an inch longer than the previous world archery record.



MIKE CROSS, a business student at Chattanooga Tech, gained the 123-pound National AAU Power Lift title in York, Pa., setting a U.S. mark in the dead lift at 480 pounds. Mike also holds eight city and state records in Olympic lifts and three state marks in dead lift.



RAY BRISCOE, a senior at New Albany (Ind.) High School who has lost only three tennis matches over the past four years, led his team, unbeaten in 51 dual matches to its first state high school championship when he beat James Lopez of Gary, Ind. for the singles title.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BROKEN FIELD

Sirs:

The first two paragraphs of Dan Jenkins' article on Warren McVea and other Negro backs (*You've Got to Have Some "O,"* Oct. 16) suggest to me that some colleges might operate under the policy that the only good Negro student is an exceptionally athletic Negro student. Like the people in Texas, I enjoy and am proud of the achievements of Warren McVea on the football field, yet I wonder if the University of Houston would have accepted his application if he had been only a straight-A student throughout high school. Would SMU have enrolled Jerry Levias if he had been only a national-award-winning science student? How many colleges in America, anywhere in America, would give scholarships to Negroes with excellent scholastic records but with little or no athletic abilities?

This, I believe, illustrates the problem of Negro acceptance in America. Negroes are put into that special group of people who have to prove themselves not just satisfactorily, but spectacularly, in some field of endeavor like sports, entertainment or the arts so as to be the equals of us untalented whites with belly flab and high school diplomas. A Negro cannot be average. He may have a hilarious sense of humor, tremendous generosity, a kind heart, a friendly smile and likeable manner—in fact, the best personality in the world—but if he can't run like Bob Hayes or sail down the field like Gale Sayers or hit homers like Willie Mays, he doesn't stand a chance of being accepted by many white people.

Of course, we should recognize, as magazines like SI do, the great athletic prowess many Negroes have. But we should also recognize the other qualities that make them men and women—human beings—worthy of respect and friendship.

DENNIS NEWMAN

Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

In one paragraph you scold the people who think Warren McVea is getting more than the normal football scholarship at Houston, and in another paragraph you elaborate on the gold tailor-made suits and slacks he wears. How many "affluent" citizens can afford separate tailors for suits and slacks? Of course, the average reader does not know McVea's financial status. Maybe his family is very well off and sees to it that he lives comfortably. The average scholarship athlete in most colleges gets only enough to cover the necessities. Since Houston is on a three-year probation for recruiting violations, one has to wonder if all is strictly above board.

As for southern schools recruiting Negro athletes, I think that your article is not up to date. There are quite a few Negro athletes in southern colleges now. Even Mississippi has one.

At any rate, I do not believe that Warren McVea would have finished his freshman year at any other college with the attitude that he has, putting himself above the team, practicing and playing only when he feels like it. I think that this article really showed McVea in a very poor light. Or is that his true character?

PERRY STEPHENS

Atlanta

Sirs:

After reading your story about Warren McVea, I have lost a lot of respect for a player I had thought to be great. Any player who will not carry out his assignment on a play, no matter what the score, deserves to be disciplined, possibly kicked off the team. McVea seems to have Houston and Coach Yeoman under his control. Joe Don Looney was important to his Oklahoma team, too, but Bud Wilkinson kept control and disciplined Looney when he needed to.

Furthermore, I do not consider watching a team like Georgia Tech to be like watching "a clumsy baton twirler." In Lenny Snow, they have a very exciting runner who gets his yardage without a lot of daylight. I might also add that Lenny goes into the game and carries out all his assignments when told to do so.

ROBERT TIDWELL

Atlanta

Sirs:

The article by Dan Jenkins on Warren McVea was sickening. This is nothing but racial bias in reverse. Let's not have any more such articles in your fine magazine. Let the civil rights crusade be carried on by others than your feature writers. I want to read about sports in SI—black or white—but sports only, not social lectures or Negro-supremacy balderdash!

WALTER E. BACK

El Dorado Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

I am a North Carolina State alumnus, and as soon as I received the October 16 issue I hurriedly turned to the college-football section. After all, my team, a 27-point underdog, had beaten Houston—and some Texans had been betting the Wolfpack would not even show up for the game!

Well, I finally located, in an article about "Wondrous" Warren McVea, some mention of my team. It seems that Houston just quit and handed the game over to the Wolfpack, without so much as a whimper.

I refuse to believe that the No. 2 team in the country could possibly be a one-man team. Hard hitting *causes* fumbles. Good defensive teams *make* interceptions happen. Furthermore, I do not think Mr. Jenkins even saw the game. If he did, he surely missed a good story.

RICHARD H. STICKNEY

Raleigh, N.C.

NO LOSER

Sirs:

Too many people think that the Red Sox lost the World Series. In truth, there was no loser. St. Louis won the Series gamewise 4-3, but not handily in four or five games as some predicted.

The Red Sox won the pennant in a very close and dramatic race, a pennant expected by no one but the Red Sox themselves. Boston fans and players were satisfied, and many felt that the World Series would be a little anticlimactic. But how can the World Series ever be anticlimactic, and how can any team not long to win it?

Down quickly 3-1 in games, the Red Sox rallied, as they did all year, to tie up the Series and came as close to winning as any young team (100-to-1 shots to win the pennant and underdogs throughout the Series) can be expected to.

So praise the Cardinals, if you want, for they played a fine Series and showed what a good team they are. But please don't, in the same breath, call the Boston Red Sox losers, for losers they're not.

ROGER N. LERMAN

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

You and I both know that baseball is the national pastime. The competition is great, and everyone likes to win. The American League race was possibly the most exciting of all. We also know most of the people connected with baseball show good sportsmanship. So can you please explain to me why National League President Warren Giles always has to rub it in when the National League wins an All-Star Game or a World Series? This year's Series was a great one. There was good feeling all around until Warren Giles got to the microphone in the Cards' locker room. Instead of praising the Series and the game, all he did was exclaim how great the National League is. This isn't the first time he has done this, and the repetition gets boring. When Stan Musial got the microphone it was a different story. The first thing he did was congratulate Boston. Is Warren Giles too big a man to show some sportsmanship?

I am a Phillies rooter and I think National

continued

Mike McCarthy's lifetime interest in spectator sports—and frequent cheering for the home team in between—



MICHAEL P. McCARTHY, *34, Vice President of Operations, Second National Bank, Saginaw, Michigan*

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League baseball is good baseball. But so is the American League game. Perhaps the National League should have a big-league president—someone like Joe Cronin, who did nothing but praise both teams after Baltimore swept Los Angeles last year.

BOB GRISDALE

Norristown, Pa.

Sirs:

Being a National League fan, I am not given to praising an American League team. But here's hats off to a gutsy bunch of Red Sox. They have nothing to be ashamed of.

DOUGLAS ASHBY

Metairie, La.

Sirs:

Back home in New Zealand I had always considered a World Series to be much ado about nothing. However, the heroics of Yaz, Brock, Gibson and Lonborg, dazzlingly reported and photographed by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, have convinced me that there is no finer or more exciting sporting event than a World Series, even for a Kiwi who could not work out all the subtleties of the play.

SPIRO B. ZAVOS

Washington

NO EXCUSE

Sirs:

Having read Mr. Richard Ballantine's letter (19TH HOLE, Oct. 16), I feel compelled to reply. To say that the magnificent performance of a champion like Damascus was "a tawdry performance worthy of a $75 nighttime handicap on a Midwestern carnival grounds" is absurd. I grant that it somehow seems unfair to force the pace with horses (Hedevar, Great Power) that were never intended to win, nevertheless, this strategy is permissible on the racetrack. Any sprinter must expect this when attempting a distance race. Concerning the other jockeys shouting at their horses and thereby exciting Dr. Fager once again, this happens in most any race. It was not a brand-new tactic designed specifically for trial in the Woodward Stakes.

As for informing the betting public of the strategy to be used by the entries, anyone who bet Dr. Fager to win (presumably Mr. Ballantine did so), anyone who went to the track that day to see the race, or who had enough interest to write a letter of complaint about the tactics utilized, must certainly have been aware of the purpose of the entries. I myself thought Dr. Fager's jockey would lay off the pace in an effort to conserve him for the finish. However this did not occur and, therefore, no one can say whether Dr. Fager would have run a better race in this manner. At any rate, Damascus proved himself the better horse in the race. Unfortunately, every winner is accompanied by one or more losers and, in this case, the losers appear to have been Dr. Fager and Mr. Ballantine.

I do not feel that Dr. Fager's status as a true champion is in doubt. I feel the race should be viewed as an encounter of the best horses in training and not as a means for the $2 bettor to win 80¢. Certainly there is always the desire to back one's choice, but there is no reason to offer excuses should he lose. Barring any mishap, there will be another day for Dr. Fager and, hopefully, for Mr. Ballantine as well.

JOYCE CONLIN

Prospect Park, Pa.

BOYCOTT (CONT.)

Sirs:

The degree to which Mr. Stanley V. Wright's opinion (19TH HOLE, Oct. 16) on the proposed boycott of the Olympic Games by black athletes is "humble" has no relationship whatsoever to its accuracy. If Mr. Wright would take the time to talk to ghetto people or even read the surveys of white opinion, he would revise his figures drastically. His own selfish interest in this matter as one of the U.S. Olympic track coaches is enough to render his opinion unworthy of consideration.

As to the other letters on this matter from the so blatantly "liberal," "good," "well-meaning" white majority of your readers, they are full of the same old meaningless cliches that are altogether useless to the vast majority of black people struggling for their freedom. I for one support Tommie Smith and applaud him as a genuine hero in this struggle.

JAMES H. SPRINGER

The Bronx, N.Y.

JUSTICE

Sirs:

I read with great interest your note in the October 9 SCORECARD entitled "Low Men on the Totem Pole." At issue is your statement that the Super Sow Award was "invented" by Georgia Tech Offensive Line Coach Dick Bestwick. I consider Bestwick one of the nation's finest coaches. Nevertheless, I must point out that, according to an article from the Oct. 5, 1966 edition of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, the idea for the "Hog" award was instead invented by Pitt's offensive line coach, Jim Royer. Bestwick was a member of the Pitt coaching staff last year, and it would be my suspicion that the idea was smuggled from Pitt to Georgia Tech.

It's tough enough when you're losing, like we are now at Pitt, but when you can't even get credit for inventing such things as the Hog Award, then you've got to wonder if there's justice in this world.

DEAN BILEJCK
University of Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh

Florida's Plunderin' Cowboy

By taming much of his state, Florida's Senator Doyle Carlton has made it a teeming paradise of wildlife by VIRGINIA KRAFT

Not all the cowboys in the country and not all the big dreams come from Texas. The state of Florida has its share of both, and those who go South seeking only glitter and gloss may be pleasantly surprised to discover that Florida boasts not only genuine cowboys, but a profusion of game even wilder than the mink on Miami Beach.

There is a large deer population in Florida and black bears grow to 300 pounds, big-tusked boars are almost as large. Rabbits, foxes, bobcats, raccoons and opossums are so abundant that seasons on them are open all year round. Florida's quail and dove shooting can hold its own with the best in the country, and wild turkeys are now so plentiful that there are two open seasons.

This happy hunting ground is the direct result of a realized dream. For generations the vast, swampy interior of the state—some two-thirds of Florida's entire land area—was as inaccessible to most people as the inner recesses of Palm Beach's Everglades Club. Tales of the terrors that lay between the twin strips of civilization along Florida's east and west coasts read like the billboard outside a Times Square horror picture. There were poisonous snakes, deadly scorpions, man-eating alligators, quicksand so perilous it sucked men beneath its surface in seconds and even mysterious and hostile Indian tribes.

How many of these stories were true is anybody's guess, but in the two decades following World War II, a group of 20th century cowboys managed to transform much of the "wild" interior into rich, fertile habitats where men, livestock and game thrive side by side. As a result, Florida has emerged not only as a cattle-producing region, but also as one of the top hunting states in the country.

Florida's modern cowboys are a blend of pioneer frontiersman, southern gentleman and Yankee entrepreneur that has no counterpart elsewhere in the U.S. Most are second- and third-generation Floridians, neither aristocrats nor Crackers but solid middle-class types with roots sunk deep in the land, the church and the community.

None is more typical of the group than Doyle Carlton Jr., a gangling native son who at first glance might have stepped from the pages of a *Bonanza* script. That is until his soft, southern speech and courtly plantation manners suggest recasting him as Ashley Wilkes in a modern version of *Gone With the Wind*.

Both impressions belie the shrewd, serious business mind and the dedication to a single goal that has shaped Carlton's life. Ever since he followed his first bobcat trail into the Everglades, his sole dream has been to tame and reclaim Florida's interior, not simply for himself but for the future.

"Even as a young pup," Carlton said recently on his 43,000-acre ranch in south central Hardee and De Soto counties, "I never got tired of just plunderin' around out here, thinking of all this land going to waste. I never liked to see anything wasted, especially land. Central Florida wasn't even any good for hunting then. The cover was too thick.

"You can set a covey of quail right on top of 100 pounds of the best quail food, but if the birds can't get through the cover to it, they will starve just the same as if there were no food there at all. That's true of most game. It was a real sorry sight to see all this land with so little able to live on it. I kept thinking of how much could be done with it if someone just took the trouble.

"After we got out of high school most of my friends took their first paychecks and put them down on second-hand jalopies. I took mine to the Wauchula bank and put it down on a piece of land. I wasn't as mobile as the others, but I sure felt like a man of property. I guess the feeling agreed with me, because I've been buying land ever since.

"Not that I always had the money to pay for it," Carlton grinned. "Most of the time I was mortgaged into the ground—literally. After 23 years of marriage and three children, I got around to building my wife a proper house only *five years ago. But* spending money on a lot of senseless luxuries never made much sense to us when there was good land for sale.

"Each time I managed to swing a new piece of property I'd lease it to some truck farmers or watermelon growers in exchange for their clearing it off. Then the next season I'd plant it in clover and carpet grass and put a few head of cattle on it. I grew some pretty rangehy looking critters in those days, but cattle raising was a new business in Florida then. It took a lot of pioneering to hit on the pasture and breed combinations that

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"Twenty years ago I used to think a 250-pound yearling was pretty good. Now, with improved pasture and breeding, our yearlings run at least 500 or 550 pounds. And we are still not satisfied. We keep trying to improve the land, not just to produce better cattle, but also to produce better hunting. It makes no sense anymore to develop land for only one use when it could be developed as practically, and as easily, for many uses. There is not enough land left for that kind of waste.

"What we are pioneering now is the working concept that good cattle range can also be good game range if it is developed with both game and cattle in mind. That also means preserving the natural cover and the beauty of the land and managing it in a way that utilizes the wildlife. My land produces two things —cattle and recreation. To me they are of equal importance. I never turn down anyone who wants to hunt or fish on my property as long as he asks permission. And everybody who comes here acts like he is having the time of his life. I guess he is. I sure know I am. But one day there are going to be more people wanting to hunt and fish here than my land, or any private land, will be able to handle. That is why we must have public land.

"Politicians talk on and on about schools, roads, industrial development, economy in government," Carlton explained as he trolled for bass along the four miles of Horse Creek that runs through his property. "But one of the most important issues today is recreational development. Almost nothing has been done to meet this need realistically. And the need becomes greater each year. But by the time its full impact is realized, most of the land that should have, and could have, been set aside for public recreation throughout the country will be gone. Then legislators will suddenly find themselves scurrying around trying to raise thousands of dollars an acre for land they might have bought for $75 or $100 today.

"The people who should be agitating right now to have such land set aside," Carlton said, "are the sportsmen. They are the people who would benefit most by it. But unfortunately too many of them are concerned not with the overall picture but with 'when is the season going to open?' or 'how do we get more deer?' The majority of hunters and fishermen are so divided by petty personal interests that they never get together to support the big issues. The only way to make certain that adequate lands are set aside for recreational purposes is to unite the public behind the idea. Get them to shout loud and strong for it. It is surprising how quickly legislators respond to a shouting public."

The son of a longtime state legislator who was Florida's governor from 1929 to 1933, Carlton has himself been a Florida lawmaker (from the 27th district) for three terms. In 1953, at the age of 30, he was named Florida's outstanding freshman legislator. Over the years his persistent efforts to open new hunting and fishing areas to the public, to add to those owned and leased by the state, to improve and increase game habitats as well as game populations in Florida have earned Carlton a statewide reputation as the "sporting senator."

The title fits him as well in the field as on the senate floor. Carlton is as rugged and tough as the ranch he runs. *There is no* part of its operation that he cannot perform as well as the best of his ranch hands, a fact that contributes considerably to their admiration for him. Doyle Carlton has become a rich man in the years since he made his first down payment on a parcel of swampland, but little has changed to indicate this. A deacon of the First Baptist Church of Wauchula, he neither smokes nor drinks, although he confesses to a fondness for sweets and buttermilk. He still prefers driving a pickup truck to the family sedan, but in the last year he has developed a strong affection for the Cessna 182 which he has been learning to fly.

Carlton's now graying hair, still cropped to a bristle, is the only thing about him that suggests his 44 years. His big, 195-pound frame is as lean and muscular as a college athlete's. Most mornings, in fact, he runs a fast mile before climbing into the saddle for what may end up being 15 or 18 hours of cattle cutting, bobcat chasing, quail shooting, boar hunting or—as he likes to describe the casual combination of all these activities plus a little fishing, exploring and daydreaming—just plain plunderin'.

"It would be a pretty sorry life to live," he said as we watched a pair of deer browse at the edge of a grassy field, "if there were no land left where a man could get away to do some plunderin' every now and then." **END**



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